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THE LORD'S LAND.*

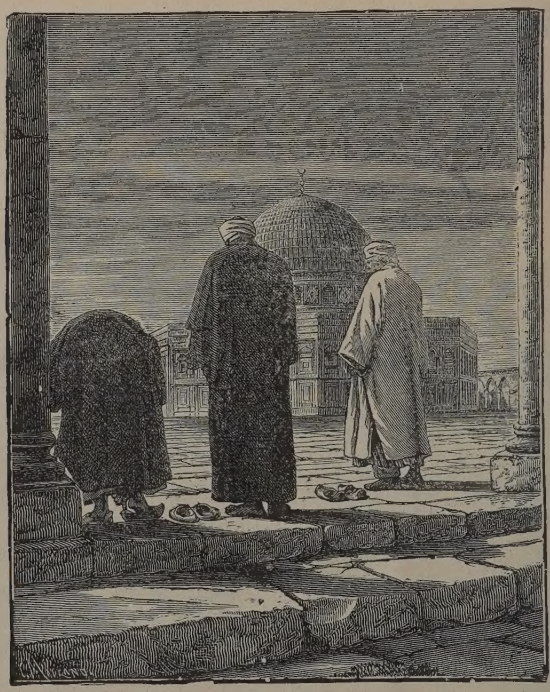
BY THE REV. HUGH JOHNSTON, M.A., B.D.

II.

AREA OF MOSQUE OF OMAR.

WE obtained permission from the British Consul to visit the precincts of el-Haram es Shereif, or Noble Sanctuary, and, accompanied by a Turkish escort, we stood upon the site of Solomon's Temple, the area of what is known as the Mosque of Omar, "next after Mecca, the most sacred, next after Cordova, the most

beautiful of all Moslem shrines." We have entered the north-west corner of the Temple area, and the first thing that strikes us is the magnitude of the sacred enclosure. It is an oblong quadrangle, extending about fifteen hundred feet on the east and west sides, and about a thousand feet at the northern and southern ends. Within this area are many shrines, marked by graceful



Approaching Mosque of Omar.

minarets, and small domes, columns, and oratories, airy arches, and carved niches; but the larger portion of the court is covered with grass in vernal beauty, enamelled with flowers, and dotted over with trees: the sombre olive, the stately palm, the graceful cypress, the spreading cedar, just as of old, for we read: "In Salem is His Tabernacle," or leafy covert. We walked in our ordinary shoes towards the centre of the area, and ascended the

marble platform from which rises the Mosque, with its many-coloured marbles, and tiling, and surmounted with that most exquisite of domes, glittering in the sunlight. Then we took our shoes from off our feet, and we put on red morocco slippers furnished us. Now we enter the Noble Sanctuary, an octagonal edifice, one hundred and seventy feet in diameter, each of the eight sides being sixty-seven feet long. There are four doors pointing to four points of the compass. Two corridors encircle the interior, an outer formed of eight massive piers, and sixteen Corinthian columns, exceedingly graceful, and an inner, formed of four piers, and twelve columns of polished porphyry, purple in colour. These four piers sustain the dome, which is sixty feet in diameter, is highly ornamented, and over one hundred and fifty feet in height. The dome is surmounted by a slender spire, which supports a gilded crescent. The walls of the interior are covered with mosaics, marbles, and gilt stucco, on which are traced, in Arabic characters, quotations from the Koran. The stained glass windows are gorgeously rich, and the soft, subdued light passing through them is changed into ruby tints, heaven's blue, golden yellow, and every intermediate colour.

But the great attraction is the immense mass of native rock, the remnant of the summit ridge of Moriah, some sixty feet in length, fifty-five feet in width, and rising five or six feet above the marble floor. This is unquestionably a part of that sacred rock which David bought from Araunah, the Jebusite, on the day when the pestilence was stayed. All the rest of this rocky, irregular threshing-floor was cut away when levelling off the platform for the Temple, and its courts. No mark of any tool of iron is upon this bare rugged rock. It is surrounded with an iron railing, and over it hangs the crimson war-banner of the Caliph Omar. The Mohammedans regard this rock with peculiar sanctity, and their tradition is that it descended from heaven, when the spirit of prophecy was withdrawn from earth; but that when Mohammed took his flight to Paradise, he ascended from this rock, which attempted to return with him to its native glory, and was only restrained by the powerful hand of the Angel Gabriel. In proof of this they show us on the rock the footprints of the Prophet, and also the prints of the Angel's huge fingers on the stone. The rock, although its ascension was prevented, refused to touch the earth again, and there it remains suspended in mid-

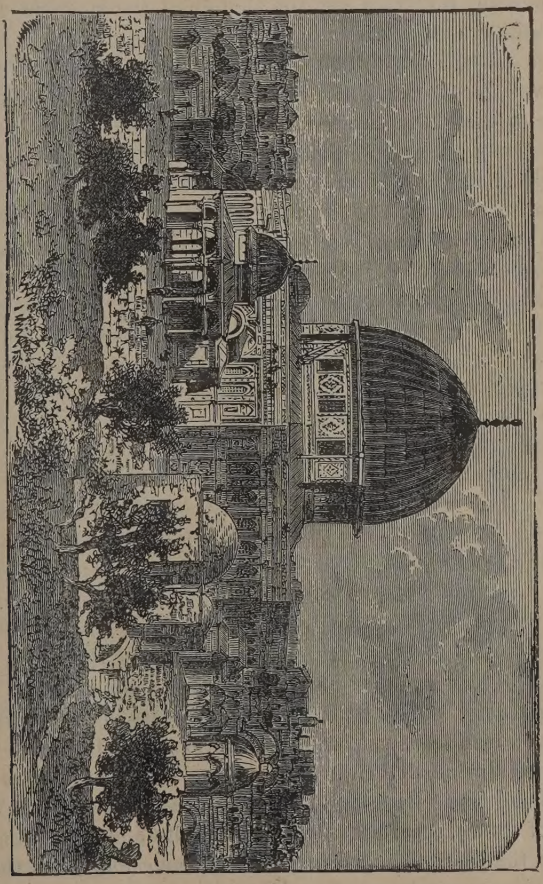
air. In proof of this they take you into the "Noble Cave" below, and strike the sides of the vault, which emit a hollow sound, thus indicating a vacant space beyond.

Turning from these idle tales, this Sakhrah of the Arabs has an undying interest to any Christian. On this rock, perhaps, Abraham offered his only son, Isaac; here stood the destroying angel, "having a drawn sword in his hand, stretched out over Jerusalem;" here was the threshing-floor of Ornan or Araunah,—the heathen Prince—which David bought for six hundred shekels of gold, by weight, that he might offer thereon burnt-offerings unto the Lord; and here, most likely, was the great altar of the first and second Temples, from which the sacred fire of the burnt-offerings went up spire-like to the sky. In the cavern below is the Well of the Spirits, in which, the Moslems believe, all departed souls are confined by the Great Prophet, until the Judgment. This well is, no doubt, the cess-pool of the altar, into which the sacrificial blood and washings were conveyed into the sewers underneath the Temple area.

Entering the Mosque.

I will not recount all the legends as to the praying places of Abraham, Elijah, David, and Solomon. Near the dome of the rock is a stone slab which originally had nineteen nails in it, now there are only three-and-a-half; when they disappear the end of the world will come. You put backsheesh right over one of these

nails and you are sure to get to heaven. "Sure," said I to the big-turbaned fellow that knelt over the stone, as I deposited my coin right upon one of the nails. "Sure to get to heaven?" He looked into my face, and without faltering, answered: "Yes, sure."



MOSQUE OF OMAR.

Close to the Mediterranean Hotel is the Pool of Hezekiah. This old fountain is two hundred and fifty feet in length by one hundred and fifty broad. It is no doubt the construction of that prudent monarch, who foreseeing that the waters of the fountain

called Gihon might be cut off from his capital by the enemy in time of assault, stopped "the upper water-course of Gihon," and conducted it by a secret aqueduct "down to the west side of the city of David." Of Hezekiah, it is said, "he made a pool, and a conduit, and brought water into the city." This pool with its surrounding buildings, and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in the back-ground is shown in the engraving.

We are now at St. Stephen's Gate, and as we wander outside the wall, on the left is the Pool of the Tribes. There the entire slope of the hill is covered with Moslem tombs, and as we are seated on a grassy knoll, looking over the valley upon the slopes of Olivet and Scopus, and observing the water girls that come down to the pool to fill their pitchers, and then walk away erect as queens with these great water urns for crowns, a funeral procession advances. A Mohammedan is borne to his grave, attended with great lamentation and unearthly screaming. The crowd was orderly; the bier was borne by men, and the women followed, dressed in white, howling and weeping. They were the mourning women, hired to do this feigned lamentation. At the tomb they keep up this lamenting, and often the veiled figures are seen as represented in the engraving, the very picture of desolation.

From this gate the road leads down the hill and across the brook Kedron. Let us follow it, and take one of the three roads over the Mount of Olives. We climb to the top of Olivet to get a view from this "Mount of Ascension." And what a panorama! This view is, in many respects, the most impressive and interesting in all the world. Far to the East we trace the course of the sacred Jordan, and beyond the distant mountains of Moab, brought near, so near by the wondrous purity of the atmosphere, that you mark every cleft and undulation in their many outlines. Through the opening cliffs are seen the glittering waters of the Salt Dead Sea. Between us and the Jordan Valley is the Wilderness of Judea, a perfect picture of sterility and desolation.

But the charm of all is at your feet, the *entourage* of the Holy City, the surrounding valleys and hills, dotted with hamlets and olive groves, the deep ravines of Kedron and Hinnom, the terrible walls, with their gates, and towers, and frowning battlements, Zion, Moriah, Calvary, the Haram area, with the white and coloured marbles of its beautiful structures, contrasting with the

brilliant green of its grassy surface, dotted over with noble cypresses, olive and carob trees, the synagogues of the Jews, the two domes of the Church of the Sepulchre, the compact mass of cupolas and flat roofs of the city; and dominating over all, on the western wall, the Tower of David. No wonder that with the

Women Mourning at a Tomb.

sacred and tender associations of the spot the eye is fascinated, and the soul entranced!

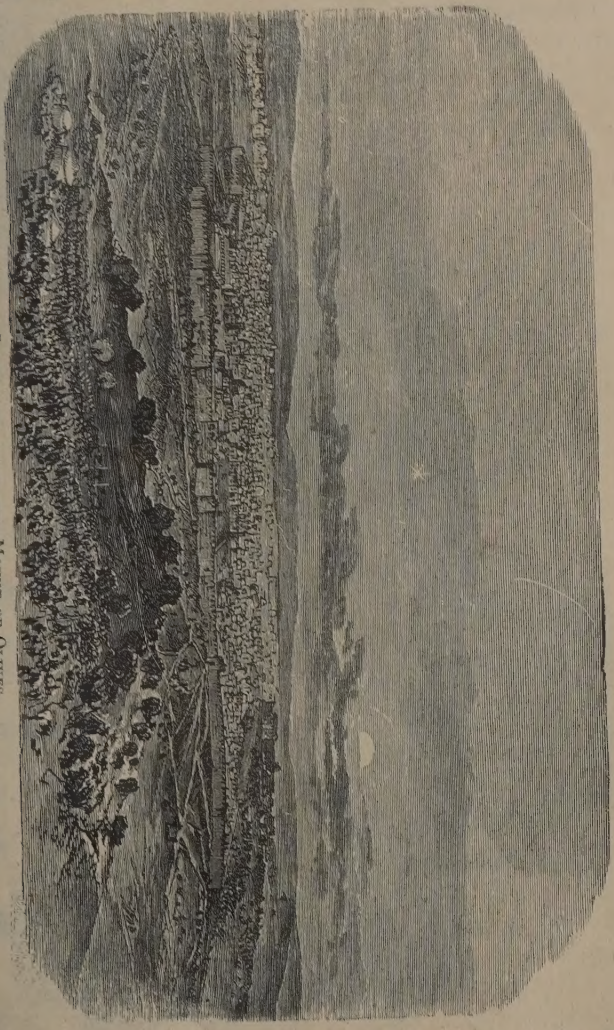
Descending again from Mount Olivet to the junction of the three roads which lead to Bethany, we enter an enclosed spot, about eighty yards square. It is the Garden of Gethsemane. An aged monk of the Franciscan order admits us, and we find the ground laid out in flower-beds, and blooming with roses, carnations, marigolds, heliotropes, and fragrant plants. The bitter

wormwood is there, and the beautiful passion-flower. A few palms and cypress trees are there; but the feature of the garden is the eight ancient olive trees. These venerable trees, their trunks gnarled and hollow, their roots far above the ground, and their spreading branches, covered with a scanty foliage, are pointed out as witnesses of the mysterious agony. In such a place, with what vivid reality came before me the whole scene of the Redeemer's suffering, when the red blood oozed from His every pore, and fell in beaded drops upon the ground. Here He lay prostrate on the ground, and prayed, "O, my Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me!" Here descended an angel and strengthened Him. Along yon path, lighted by the full paschal moon, "with lanterns, and torches, and weapons," came Judas, the betrayer, "leading a band of men and officers." Here the Shepherd was smitten and the flock scattered. Here the disciples fled, and the meek Sufferer surrendered Himself to His murderers. Gethsemane, the place of the wine-press; "I have trodden the wine-press alone;" how near it brings us to Him who was bowed in agony and crushed in spirit for our sins.

"Can I Gethsemane forget,
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat
And not remember Thee?"

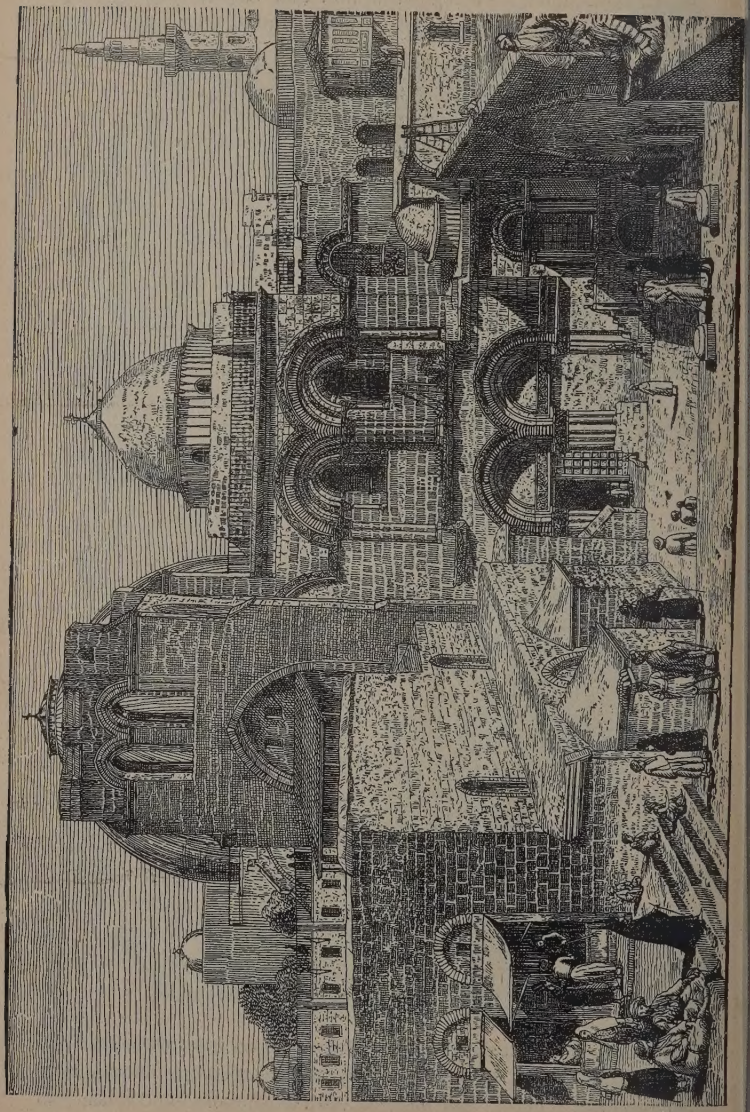
Now let us cross the Kedron and climbing the hill re-enter St. Stephen's Gate. Passing along the walls, enclosing the Barracks, we come to where a stone arch spans the street. This is the *Ecce Homo* arch, where Christ, wearing a crown of thorns and a purple robe, was exposed to the infuriated mob, while Pilate exclaimed, "Behold the man." From this place begins the *Via Dolorosa*, the "Street of Grief," that lane-like crooked street, which marks the footsteps of the suffering Son of God, as He bore His cross from the Pavement to Golgotha. It runs through the heart of the present city and terminates at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. There are several stations on this narrow zig-zag street that have been wet with the tears of long generations of pilgrims who have sought to follow the footsteps of the Master as He bore the heavy cross. A deep impression in the solid stone wall of a house is shown as the place where Christ sunk under the cross. The house of St. Veronica, the holy woman who

wiped the Saviour's sweaty brow and had His features left impressed upon her handkerchief, is also pointed out; and broken



JERUSALEM—FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

columns mark the places where Simon was compelled to bear His cross, and where the Saviour addressed the weeping daughters of Jerusalem. These "stations," these sacred points and places are



mere "inventions," pure fiction. This is one of the things that sadden us, and arouse our indignation, the lying legends and cheats and impostures, that are mixed up with these venerable, revered, tremendous associations. Thus, in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre are shown the Stone of Unction, where the body of our Lord was laid for anointing; the column of the scourging, the place of the division of the vestments—the centre of the earth—the tomb of Melchizedek; nay, the very place where Adam was buried!

And now we come to the most interesting religious edifice in the world, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which covers all the scenes made memorable by the crucifixion, entombment, and resurrection of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The Church itself is a venerable structure, the joint property of the Greeks, the Roman Catholics, the Armenians, and the Copts. The open court in front, paved with common flagstones, presents a novel and most extraordinary scene. It is the gathering place of pilgrims from every land. There they are in their different costumes, Latin, Armenian, Russian, Greek, and Coptic priests and friars. Turks with their flowing robes and white turbans, wild Bedouins of the Desert, ragged Arab women, and beggars, halt and blind—a motley throng presenting a motley appearance. It is the market-place for the sale of trinkets, rosaries, amulets, pictures, and curiosities. The venerable structure of Romanesque architecture, with its grand old façade—dilapidated though it be—its stones time-worn and dingy with the dust of ages, nevertheless presents a pleasing appearance. The two wide doorways are elaborately ornamented with mouldings and richly-sculptured architraves, representing Christ's triumphal entrance into Jerusalem. Just inside the principal entrance are stationed Turkish soldiers to keep the peace between the rival sects and nationalities that visit the sacred shrine and prevent the Christians from devouring each other over the very scene of the death and burial of the Prince of Peace. And now we stand upon the very spot around which have centred the hopes and affections of millions of hearts through all the Christian centuries. Although such great authorities as Robinson, Ferguson, Burckhardt, and others, throw doubt upon the tradition, yet I accept the spot, covered by this pile of ecclesiastical buildings, as the *locale* of the most stupendous events that ever occurred on the face of the earth.

The church, or rather cluster of churches, may be said to consist of a nave three hundred feet in length and a transept extending nearly two hundred feet. Turning at once to the right of the entrance and ascending a marble staircase of eighteen steps we enter the Chapel of Calvary, a room about fifteen feet square, paved with marble in Mosaic, and hung on every side with silken tapestry and costly lamps. At the extremity is an altar, blazing in gold and silver and decorated censers, and a splendid crucifix;

MODERN JEW, WITH PHYLACTERY.

under the altar is a circular plate, which covers a hole in the limestone rock below. In this the Saviour's cross was fixed and near by on the same marble platform is a crevice several inches wide, the *rent* in the rock made by the earthquake at His death.

Descending the staircase and returning to the transept we enter the great rotunda, a circular space one hundred feet in diameter, with eighteen massive piers, above which springs a majestic dome, with an opening at the top for light and ventilation like that of the Pantheon at Rome. In the very centre of

this rotunda, and immediately below the dome, rises a small oblong building of yellowish marble, twenty feet in length, twelve feet in breadth, and about fifteen in height, surrounded by a small cupola. Within this is the reputed sepulchre of our Lord. The entrance is decorated with gold and silver lamps set with precious stones. The interior is divided into two small chapels: the Chapel of the Angel, which contains the stone on which he sat (?) and the sepulchre itself a vault seven feet long and six wide. The tomb is elevated about three feet above the floor, and faced with white marble, worn smooth by the passionate kisses from the lips of pilgrims from every clime, who, with prostrations and streaming tears, advance upon their knees along the marble floor, until they reach the sepulchral couch, which they clasp and embrace with tearful joy and devout reverence. It is maintained that the four-sided room is a genuine rock tomb merely cased in marble. Forty-two gold lamps burn continually before this revered shrine. Whether this be in reality our Lord's sepulchre or not, no one can stand in that little apartment without the profoundest emotions.

The sepulchre itself, over which floats the banner of the Cross, is the common ground of all the Christian sects, and in the arcades round are the various chapels. The largest and most imposing of these is the Greek Chapel, which we have already described, whose galleries afford a fine view of the scenes and orgies to be witnessed on the great festival days. Nearly in range of the front of the sepulchre is a large opening, forming a court to the entrance of the Latin Chapel. The little room in which the organ stands, is called the Chapel of the Apparition—where Christ appeared to Mary. One of the most picturesque of these chapels, is the half-subterranean Church of St. Helena. We will not give an account of all the aisles, and stairways, vaults, tombs, altars, concealed relics, and holy "inventions," from the real centre of the earth, in the Greek Chapel, to the place where the earth was taken, out of which Adam was formed. Within this vast and confused mass of buildings, are no less than seventy "stations," and the air is laden with the legends and wonders of monkish and mediæval days. But all these myths and frauds cannot destroy the deeper significance and impressive associations of this venerable temple. We condemn the superstitions, and regret the bad taste of tawdry finery and gaudy ornamentation;

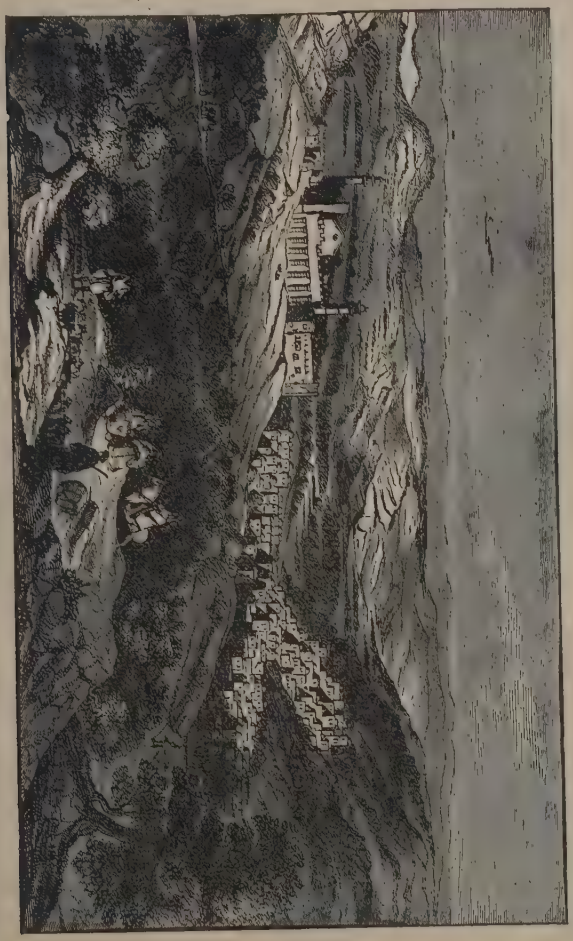
we are indignant at the frauds and lying abominations; yet, still, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre awakens the most thrilling and affecting interest, of any structure in the world, for it covers the spot where the Saviour was crucified, and "the place where the Lord lay." It is the "holy of holies," among the holy places in the City of Jerusalem—City of Mystery and of Miracles, and yet to be the scene of wonders!

The journey from Jerusalem to Bethlehem, thence to Mar Saba, the Dead Sea, the Jordan, and back to the city by Bethany, and over the Mount of Olives, occupies three days. We crossed the Valley of Hinnom, within whose steep and rocky sides Solomon built the high places to Moloch, and Ahaz and Manasseh made their own sons pass through the fire, according to the abominations of the heathen. On the southern side is Aceldama, the traditionary Field of Blood of Judas. There are many tombs and caverns hewn in the rock, and the scene is desolate enough.

After an hour's ride, we reach the gloomy, prison-like Convent of Elijah, called Mâr Elîas, from the tradition that on this spot the Prophet rested when he fled for his life from the wicked Jezebel. A little beyond, we reach a place of absorbing interest and sanctity to Moslem, Jew, and Christian. It is a little Mosque on the road-side, a square white-washed building, surmounted by a dome. It is the birthplace of Benjamin, and the tomb of Rachel. Here the Patriarch laid away his beautiful wife, whom he loved with so strong and tender an affection; for "Rachel died and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem, and Jacob set a pillar upon her grave; that is the pillar of Rachel's grave to this day." The identity of the site has never been questioned; standing by the side of the great road, between Jerusalem and Hebron—and the roads in the East never vary, but continue to follow the same course from generation to generation; then it is on the roadside "in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem." The spot is wild and uncultured; the pillar has given place to a simple dome; and yet this humble sepulchre excites a deeper interest than other more splendid mausoleums.

A little beyond we made a *detour* to Solomon's Pools, an hour's ride further on. These pools are enormous basins of marble masonry, in an almost perfect state of preservation; and from these reservoirs the wealthy and wise monarch supplied his capital with pure water, through an aqueduct twelve or fourteen

miles in length. I had formed no conception of the magnificence of these remarkable cisterns. Their extent and massiveness are really worthy of the great king of Israel. The dimensions are

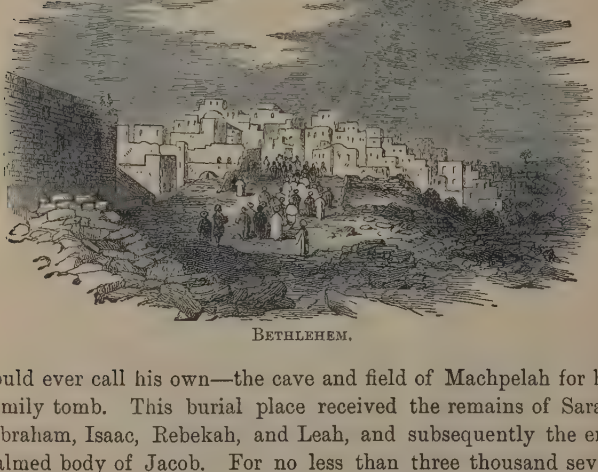


HEBRON, WITH MOSQUE.

truly royal, the upper pool being three hundred and eighty feet long by two hundred and thirty broad, and twenty-five deep; the middle four hundred and twenty-three feet long by two hundred and thirty broad and forty deep; and the lower pool nearly six

hundred feet long by two hundred wide and fifty deep. They are located at convenient distances apart, and are so constructed that when the water in the upper cistern has reached a certain height, it flows into the second and thence into the third. They are fed by perennial springs, one of which, rising from the south-west corner of a dilapidated old castle, is pointed out by tradition as the sealed fountain to which the "beloved" is compared,—"a spring shut up, a fountain sealed."

A few hours' ride south of these pools stand the ancient Hebron. "Sarah died in this place; and Abraham bought from Ephron, the Hittite, the only portion of the land of promise he

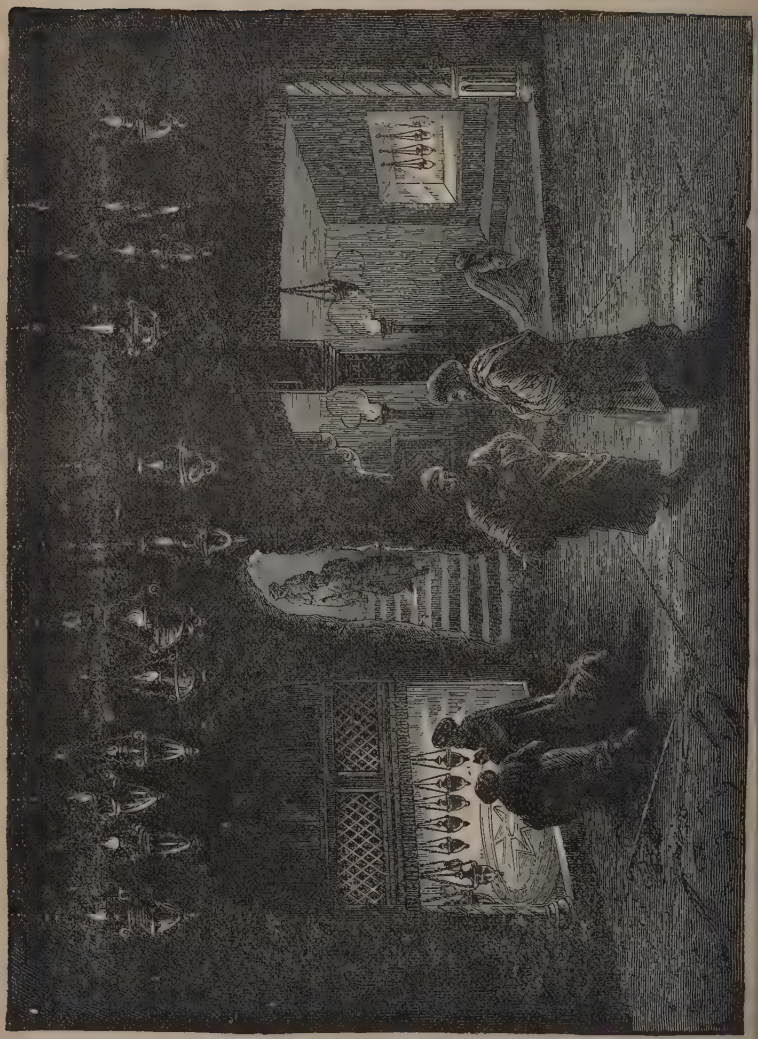


BETHLEHEM.

could ever call his own—the cave and field of Machpelah for his family tomb. This burial place received the remains of Sarah, Abraham, Isaac, Rebekah, and Leah, and subsequently the embalmed body of Jacob. For no less than three thousand seven hundred years, Jews, Christians, and Moslems have honoured this sepulchre of the great Patriarch, the friend of God; a large mosque covers the cave, which is two hundred feet long, one hundred and fifteen feet wide, and sixty feet high." The cave of Machpelah cannot be entered, and aside from the magnificent tree called Abraham's Oak, and the Valley of Eschol, with its grapes, there is little to detain the traveller. We rode along the hill-side over the Wady-Urtâs, following the long-covered aqueduct from Solomon's Pools as far as Bethlehem. The road was

stony, and in some places dangerous, but the views were picturesque, and the valley charming and well cultivated. It is the site of Solomon's Gardens. The very hills between Jerusalem and the Dead Sea, even where the grass does not grow, are covered with many-tinted flowers, or if they are not flowers they are *weeds* as "beautiful as flowers."

We reached Bethlehem in a pelting rain, and rode through its steep and slippery and narrow streets to the Khan. Here we had ample time for rest and thought; and as the Bethlehemites gathered around us, how there came rushing upon us the sacred associations of the place. The handsome faces of the women, who are remarkable for personal beauty, reminded us of Ruth, the beautiful Moabitess, and the well-developed forms and noble bearing of the young men called to mind her illustrious great-grandson, whose ancestral home was here. Above all, it was here that the Redeemer of men displayed His amazing condescension, when He stooped to become a little child. What a household word is this little Judean village, perched upon its limestone hills! Wherever the name of Jesus is loved and revered, Bethlehem is known. At every Christmastide, over the mountains and valleys of Europe, along the shores of Asia and Africa, over America, with its cities and its prairies, and amid the isles of the sea, the hearts of the old men and matrons, young men and maidens, and little lisping children, turn to Bethlehem and to the manger cradle. Here the King of Glory is found as a babe, born amid the lowing of herds and the radiant minstrelsy of angels. In this little "City of David" a Light shone and a King was born whom we call Lord and Christ. We descend at once a flight of marble steps, and traversing a subterranean corridor enter the rock-hewn Chapel of the Nativity. The sacred grotto is thirty-eight feet long, eleven wide, and two deep. Near the eastern end is a white marble slab, with a little silver star in the centre, encircled with a Latin inscription, which no one can read without emotion, "*Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est.*" "Here of the Virgin Mary Jesus Christ was born." Do we, then, actually stand on the very spot where the Virgin "brought forth her first-born son, and called His name Jesus?" There is scarcely a doubt about it. The grotto has all the appearance of having been the cellar of a house or khan, which, according to a custom still prevalent in the East, serves as a



stable. In the very beginning of the second century Justin Martyr, who was born in Nablus, describes our Lord's birthplace as "a cave at Bethlehem." And Jerome, a native of Syria, took up his abode in a cave adjacent that he might be near his Lord's birthplace. Here occurred the most stupendous event that ever took place in the universe. How near one is brought to the Child Jesus while standing on the spot reverenced as His birthplace! And at this very cradle of the Christian faith I pledged my heart and life anew to Him who passed by the thrones and palaces of kings and descended to the lowest level of humanity, that He might lift me and all the race to the radiant glory which He had with the Father before the world was. This spot like the place of the Holy Sepulchre, is disfigured by trumpery lamps, golden censers, gorgeous embroidery, and tawdry ornaments. And yet one has to confess that amid the changes and revolutions of time the only way to have preserved these sacred rites was to have marked them as they have been marked by the convent and basilica and other cherished tokens in accord with the sentiments of the age. To preserve them just as they were from age to age, amid war and tumult and fierce fanaticism would have been impossible, so let us be thankful for the traditions and the mementos, while we regret the superstitious and artificial distractions that surround the actual scenes.

We traversed the long, winding subterranean gallery until we reached a rough-hewn rocky chamber, about twenty feet square, and nine feet high, where the great theologian and preacher, St. Jerome, for thirty years fasted, and prayed, and studied, and made his famous translation of the Holy Scriptures into the Latin Vulgate, and then, from that rocky cell, the "Father of the Church,"—as the Latins denominate him,—passed to his reward.

Reascending the marble staircase, we entered the Church of the Nativity proper, the oldest monument of Christian architecture in the world. It is built in the form of the cross, is of imposing size, but the nave is desolate and cheerless, with its forty-four pillars, in seven rows, taken, according to tradition, from the porches of the Temple at Jerusalem. Originally, the roof and rafters were of cedar, from the forests of Labanon; but at present they are of oak, the gift of Edward IV., of England, and they look dreary enough. This noble edifice, one of the grandest of basilicas, is sadly in need of repair, as well as the

old and half-decayed convent which crowns the hill, and looks, in its extent and buttressed strength, like a mediæval castle.

Toward the south and east is the fertile plain where Ruth gleaned, and where the glory of the Lord shone around the shepherds, as they watched their flocks on that night when the Redeemer of the world was born.

A ride of fifteen minutes brought us to the Shepherd's Field. It is a kind of plain, and we thought of that night, surpassing all other nights in wonders, when, as the peaceful shepherds watched their flocks, that lie on the hill-sides, like snow drifts in the late spring, suddenly the whole heavens are filled with

SHEPHERDS OF BETHLEHEM.

splendour; a supernatural glory bursts upon them; the light grows brighter, until it takes the form of a shining angel, and there is wafted to them the celestial strain:—"Fear not, for, behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the City of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." Then as if the heavens must burst to disclose their joyous minstrelsy, a mighty orchestra —"a multitude of the heavenly host"—pour forth the *Gloria in Excelsis*, until through all the balconies of light, and the galleries of the skies, from rock to rock, from throne to throne, from the hills of earth to the gateways of pearl, from cherubim to seraphim, is heard the rapturous refrain, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men!"

AROUND THE WORLD IN THE YACHT "SUNBEAM."

BY LADY BRASSEY.

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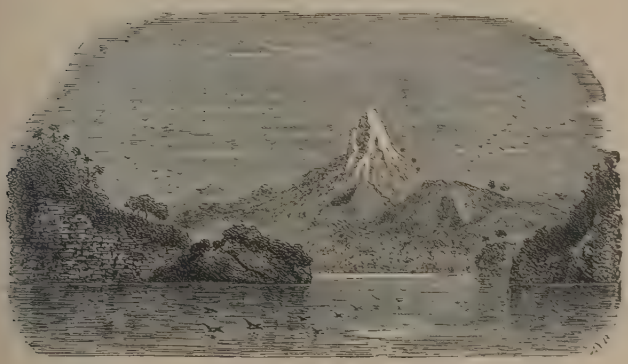


YOKEN SAN OR SACRED MOUNTAIN, INLAND SEA, JAPAN.

SAILS of silk and ropes of sandal
Such as gleam in ancient lore,
And the singing of the sailors,
And the answer from the shore.

Monday, February 12th.—Fires were lighted at 4 a.m., and by six we were steaming slowly out of the beautiful bay of Kobe. We proceeded across the Harima Nada, where we were more or less exposed to the open sea, and where we took more water on board than we had done in the gale before arriving at Yokohama. After struggling until twelve o'clock, Tom determined to run back, and in a short time we found ourselves once more at anchor in the harbour of Kobe. The proveedor's boat came out to us as soon as we were perceived, and we landed in her; but it was as much as the six stout oarsmen could do to make way against the wind.

Tuesday, February 13th.—The wind dropped at sunset, and as it continued calm all night, Tom ordered fires to be lighted at 4 a.m. By six o'clock, however, it was blowing harder than ever, and we therefore decided to make an excursion to Arrima instead of attempting another start.

The first glimpse of the village is lovely; that from the bridge that crosses the river is still more so. We clambered up narrow streets, with quaint carved houses and overhanging balconies, till we reached a tea-house, kept by a closely-shaven bonze, or priest. He seemed very pleased to see us, and bowed and shook hands over and over again. He placed his whole house at our disposal, and a very clean, pretty, and well-arranged house it was, with a lovely little formal garden, ornamented with mimic temples and bridges of ice, fashioned by the hard frost, with but little assistance from the hand of man.

To-day the paper-house was indeed cold; but even so slight a shelter from the bitter wind was acceptable, though we regretted the screens could not be opened to enable us to admire the prospect on all sides. The luncheon basket being quickly unpacked, the good priest warmed our food and produced a bottle of port wine, which he mulled for our benefit. Cheered and refreshed we proceeded on our way, leaving him much delighted with what seemed to us but a small recompense for his courtesy.

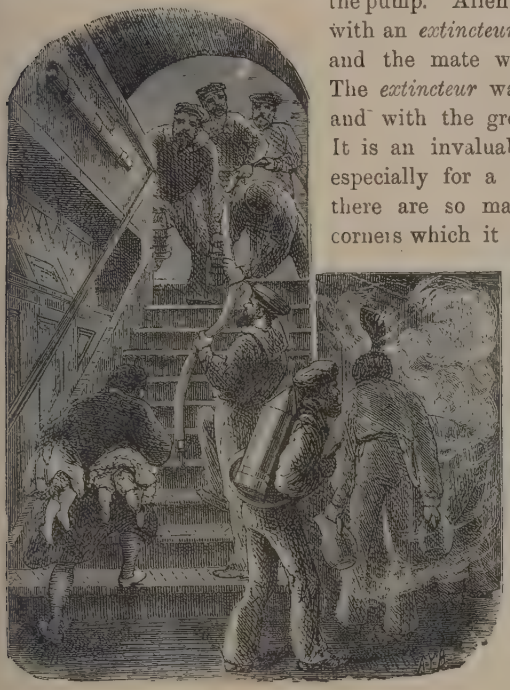
Wednesday, February 14th.—We were called at 4 a.m. Fires were lighted, but before steam was up the wind had risen; so our start was once more postponed to the afternoon. After breakfast we went ashore, and dispersed in different directions, to meet again at the hotel for luncheon.

When I got on board the *Sunbeam* again, I found that steam was up and all was ready for starting. We were rolling a good deal, and, coming along the engine-room passage, my foot slipped, a door banged to, and my thumb was caught in the hinge and terribly crushed. Dressing it was a very painful affair, as the doctor had to ascertain whether the bone was broken, and I fainted during the operation. At last I was carried to my cabin and put to bed, after taking a strong dose of chloral to soothe the agonising pain.

Thursday, February 15th.—I wonder if anybody who has not experienced it can realize the stupefying, helpless sensation of being roused up from a sound sleep, in the middle of the night, on board ship, by the cry of "Fire!" and finding oneself enveloped in a smoke so dense as to render everything invisible.

At 2.30 a.m. I was awakened by a great noise and a loud cry of "The ship is on fire!" followed by Mr. Bingham rushing into our cabin to arouse us. At first I could hardly realize where

we were, or what was happening, as I was half stupid with chloral, pain, and smoke, which was issuing from each side of the staircase in dense volumes. My first thought was for the children, but I found they had not been forgotten. Rolled up in blankets, they were already in transit to the deck house. Tom had roused the crew, and made them screw the hose on to the pump. Allen soon appeared with an *extincteur* on his back, and the mate with the hose. The *extincteur* was used freely, and with the greatest success. It is an invaluable invention, especially for a yacht, where there are so many holes and corners which it would be impossible by ordinary means to reach. The floors were pulled up, and the partitions were pulled down, until the flames were got under.

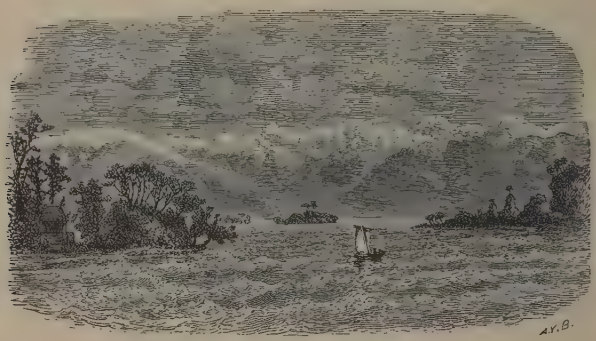


THE YACHT ON FIRE.

The explanation of the cause of the fire is very simple. Being a bitterly cold night, a roaring fire had been made up in the nursery, but the woodwork caught fire, and had been smouldering for hours, when the nurse fortunately woke and discovered the state of affairs. It is the third time in their short lives that the children have been picked out of bed in the middle of the night and carried off in blankets away from a fire, so I suppose they are getting quite used to it. By half-past three all danger was past, and we began to settle down again, though it took a long time to get rid of the smoke.

At four o'clock we weighed anchor, and once more made a start from Kobe, and passed though the Straits of Akaski. We were all disappointed with our sail to-day; perhaps because we had heard so much of the extreme beauty of the scenery, and this is not the best time of year for enjoying it. The hills are all brown, instead of being covered with luxurant vegetation, and all looked bleak and barren, though the outlines of the mountain ranges were very fine. We had one lovely view in the afternoon of the island of Yoken San, with its snowy mountain at the back, and a pretty little village, with a few picturesque junks in the foreground.

Friday February 16th.—Off again at 4 a.m. The scenery was



HURUSIMA, INLAND SEA.

much finer than yesterday, and the wind not quite so bitterly cold. About 11 a.m. I heard a hurrying to and fro, and once more the cry of "Fire!" This time it was in the store-room that it broke out. The iron plates on which the saloon and galley grates are fixed had become red-hot, and the wooden deck below had consequently caught fire. The boxes on both sides, containing the stores, were in flames; but they were quickly removed, water was poured down, and the second and third fires were thus soon extinguished.

Saturday, February 17th.—At 3.45 the anchor was dropped near the lighthouse of Isaki, and we waited until daylight before proceeding through the Straits of Simono-seki. To our astonishment, we also saw a large ship from Nova Scotia at anchor,

the *Mary Fraser*, although this is not a free port, nor within treaty limits. The gig was lowered at once, and we rowed alongside to gain what intelligence could be learned, as well as to ascertain what likelihood there might be of our obtaining fresh supplies here. The captain was very civil and kind, and volunteered to go on shore with us and act as our interpreter. We landed opposite a large tea-house, where we were immediately surrounded by a crowd of Japanese, who stared at us eagerly and even touched us, only through curiosity. They pursued us wherever we went, and when we entered a tea-house or shop the whole crowd immediately stopped, and if we retired to the back they surged all over the front premises, and penetrated into the interior as far as they could. I believe Muriel and I were the chief objects of attraction. They told us that no European lady or child had ever been at Simono-seki before. It is not a treaty port, so no one is allowed to land, except from a man-of-war, without special permission, which is not often given; it is, besides, the key to the Inland Sea, and the authorities are very jealous about any one seeing the forts. There is only one European resident here, connected with the telegraph; and a dull time he must have of it. The wire crosses the Straits a few miles higher up.

Sunday, February 18th.—We were awakened in the night by a heavy gale, with snow and sleet beating furiously on the deck. In the morning the land was covered with snow, the water froze as it was pumped on deck, and the bitter wind howled and whistled through the rigging. In the afternoon the wind even increased in violence, the snowstorms became more frequent, and the sky was dark and overcast. We had service at eleven and again at four. The sun set cold and stormy, promising a wild night. At times the shore was quite hidden by the snowstorms, though only a few cables' length off.

Tuesday, February 20th.—A lovely day; the thermometer already twenty degrees higher than it was yesterday. It was delightful to see everybody and everything on board—people, children, animals, and birds, all and each sunning themselves, and trying to get thawed after the freezing they have had.

Thursday February 22nd.—The same delightful breeze continued throughout the night and most of the day. Everybody had on summer clothes, and we all felt ourselves gradually ex-

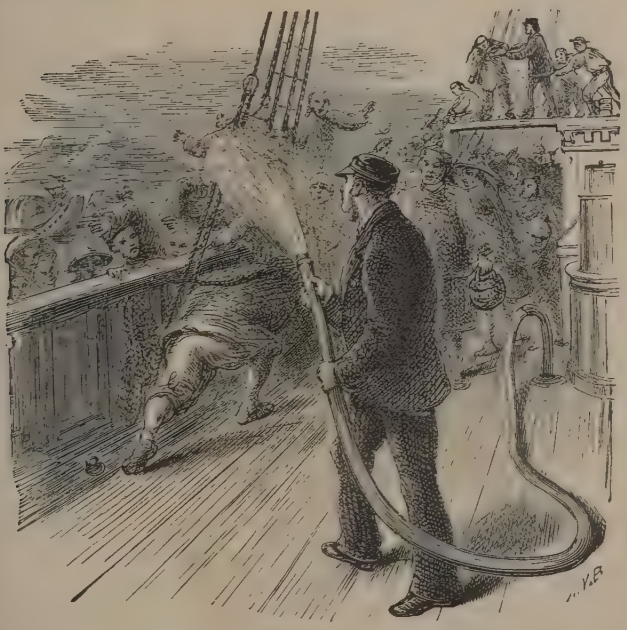
panding after being shrivelled up by the cold of the last month. I should never recommend anybody to come to Japan in the winter. You do not see it at its best, I am sure, and the scanty protection afforded by houses and carriages makes travelling a penance rather than a pleasure. Travellers, however, who wish to see Japan should do so at once; for the country is changing every day, and in three years more will be so Europeanized that little will be left worth seeing; or a violent anti-foreign revulsion of feeling may have taken place, and then the ports will be closed more strictly than they were even before the execution of the first treaty. We have seen many of the European engineers of Japanese vessels, and they all agree in declaring that the natives learn to imitate anything they see done with wonderful quickness. These men also averred that in a few years there will not be a single foreigner employed in Japan, as the Japanese will be quite in a position to dispense with such aid; and although the Government pay foreigners in a high position exceedingly well, their service offers no career to a young man. His engagement is for so many years, and when his subordinates have learned to do the work he may go where he likes. I am bound to add that I have heard the contrary opinion equally strongly expressed; but the facts I have mentioned make me lean rather to the former than to the latter side of the story.

Sunday, February 25th.—At 8 a.m. we had run 299 knots since the same time yesterday. We met a large steamer and passed a brigantine; also several Chinese junks. About twelve o'clock we saw a flag being waved frantically from a junk not far from us. At first we thought something was wrong with them; but soon a small boat put off with three men, and we found, on its arrival alongside, that it contained a pilot anxious for a job. He was very disappointed that we would not let him come on board; but Tom always likes doing the pilotage himself.

Monday, February 26th.—At 4 a.m. we found ourselves close under the light on the eastern end of the island of Hongkong We were surrounded by islands, and the morning was dark and thick; so we waited till 5.30, and then steamed on through the Kowloon passage up to the city of Victoria, as it is really named, though it is generally called Hongkong. The channel is long, and in some places so narrow that it is like going through a mountain pass, with barren hills and rocks on either hand; but

the combined effect of the blue waters, and red, brown, and yellow hills, is very fine.

Off the town of Victoria the crowd of shipping is immense, and it became a difficult task to thread our way between the fleets of sampans and junks. The latter are the most extraordinary-looking craft I ever saw, with high, overhanging sterns and roll, or rather draw, up sails, sometimes actually made of silk, and puffed like a lady's net ball-dress. Then their decks



How we were boarded by Chinese and dispersed them.

are so crowded with lumber, live and dead, that you wonder how the boats can be navigated at all. But still they are much more picturesque than the Japanese junks, and better sea boats. The sampans are long boats, pointed at both ends, and provided with a small awning. They have deep keels; and underneath the floor there is one place for a cooking fire, another for an altar, and a third where the children are stowed to be out of the way. In these sampans whole families, sometimes five generations,

live and move and have their being. I never shall forget my astonishment when, going ashore very early one morning in one of these strange craft, the proprietor lifted up what I thought was the bottom of the boat, and disclosed three or four children, packed away as tight as herrings, while under the seats were half-a-dozen of larger growth. The young mother of the small family generally rows with the smallest baby strapped on to her back, and the next-sized one in her arms, whom she is also teaching to row. The children begin to row by themselves when they are about two years old. The boys have a gourd, intended for a life-preserver, tied round their necks as soon as they are born. The girls are left to their fate, a Chinaman thinking it rather an advantage to lose a daughter or two occasionally. Many of these sampan people have never set foot on shore in their lives, and this water-life of China is one of the most extraordinary features of the country. A lieutenant from the flagship came on board and piloted us into a snug berth, among the men-of-war, and close to the shore, where we were immediately surrounded by sampans, and pestered by pertinacious Chinese clambering on board. The donkey-engine, with well-rigged hose, soon, however, cleared the decks, bulwarks, and gangways, and we were not bothered any more.

After breakfast we landed on the Praya, a fine quay, extending the whole length of the town. On it are situated many of the large stores, offices, and markets of the city. The streets are wide and handsome, and the buildings in European style, with deep verandahs and arcades, all built of stone. The town is built on the side of a hill, with ferny, moss-covered banks, overhung by tropical trees, close to some of the principal offices. At the back are the mountains, the peak overhead, with the signal station on the top, always busily at work, making and answering signals with flags as ships and junks enter or leave the harbour.

Soldiers and sailors abound in the streets; and if it were not for the sedan-chairs and palanquins, in which everybody is carried about by Chinese coolies with enormous hats, one might easily fancy oneself at dear old Gibraltar, so much do these dependencies of the Crown in foreign countries resemble one another, even in such opposite quarters of the globe.

We were very anxious to leave the yacht here and to go up to Canton; but we find there is no possible hotel at the

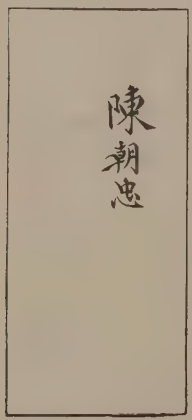
latter place. This is rather unfortunate, as, after our long residence on board, and all the knocking about at sea, the yacht requires repairing and refitting. She looks very well painted white, and the change is a great comfort in hot weather; but white paint does not wear well, and in order to maintain her good looks she ought to receive a fresh coat at every port.

To-day, for the first time, we have heard "pidgin English" seriously spoken. It is very trying to one's composure to hear grave merchants, in their counting-houses, giving important orders to clerks and compradors in what sounds, until one gets accustomed to it, like the silliest of baby-talk. The term really means "business English;" and certain it is that most Chinamen you meet understand it perfectly, though you might just as well talk Greek as ordinary English to them. "Take piecey missisy one piecey bag topside," seems quite as difficult to understand as "Take the lady's bag upstairs" would be; but it is easier to a Chinaman's intellect.

Tuesday, February 27th.—Until half-past ten we were occupied in the pleasant task of reading news from home—all good this time, I am happy to say. At 10.30 we landed and went up the hill to breakfast with Sir Arthur and Miss Kennedy, and heard a good deal about the colony. It is wonderful to think that thirty years ago it scarcely existed, and now it is a large and flourishing place, with splendid houses, institutions, roads, and gardens. We were also most agreeably surprised by the beauty of the scenery. It is really lovely, and, though the hills around are barren, wherever cultivation has been attempted, vegetation appears to flourish luxuriantly. The climate cannot be very bad, judging by the healthy look of the residents and troops. Typhoons seem to be the greatest drawback. They come without any warning, and it is impossible to guard against them and their disastrous effects. Thousands of lives, and millions of pounds' worth of property, are distroyed in a few hours. We have been shown some of the effects of a very severe typhoon that occurred in 1874. It seems almost incredible that the mere force of the wind can snap iron posts in two, break granite columns, and blow off heavy roofs.

Wednesday, February 28th.—I was up and off at half-past six to the market, and returned to a late breakfast on board; after which a large party of China merchants came as a deputation to

invite Tom to fix a day to dine with them. I think they proposed to pay him what is for them an unusual compliment, partly because they were pleased with some remarks he made yesterday at Government House, and partly because they think so much of his enterprise in making a voyage round the world in a yacht with his wife and family. They examined everything on board, and seemed to be especially interested in Tom's Board of Trade certificate, which one of their number translated in full for the benefit of the rest.



CHINESE VISITING CARD.

The Chinese part of the town stands quite a way from the foreign settlement. It is dirty and crowded in spite of its wide streets, and the large, gaily-coloured houses have the names and advertisements of their proprietors painted all across them. As we were walking along, having left our chairs for a few minutes to look at the Chinese shops, a man picked my pocket of a one-dollar note. Mr. Freer and the doctor saw, pursued, and caught him. He vehemently protested his innocence, but to no avail. They proceeded to strip him, found the note, gave him a good shaking, and told him to go.

Thursday, March 1st.—We left the yacht at 7.30, and went on board the *Kin-Shan*, which is a regular American river steamer with beam engines and many deck-houses, which are painted white. The lower deck is crowded with the most inferior class of Chinese, some eight hundred of them being on board. It gave us rather a turn to see them all padlocked in under the hatchways and iron gratings. At each opening is posted an armed sentinel, ready to fire among the crowd in case of any disturbance. In the saloon, also, is a stand of pistols, and rifles with fixed bayonets, ready for the European passengers to defend themselves with, in case of emergency. These are very necessary precautions, on account of the numerous pirates who occasionally ship in disguise among the crowd, murder the passengers and crew, and take possession of the steamer. Not quite two years

ago a vessel belonging to the same company was assailed in that way. Every one on board was murdered, and the ship taken to Macao.* But this voyage was more prosperous, the captain was most kind and polite; and the boat clean and comfortable.

About one o'clock we reached Whampoa, the leading port of Canton. The Pearl River is too shallow for large steamers to go up any higher; so we stopped here only a few minutes to disembark some of the Chinese passengers, and from this point the interesting part of the voyage began. The river, as well as all the little supplementary creeks, was alive with junks and sampans—masts and sails stuck up in every direction, gliding about among the flat paddy-fields. Such masts and sails as they are! The mandarins' boats, especially, are so beautifully carved, painted, and decorated, that they look more as if they were floating about for ornament than for use. Just about two o'clock our large steamer was brought up close alongside the wooden pier as easily as a skiff, but it must require some skill to navigate this crowded river without accident. On the shore was an excited, vociferating crowd, but no one came to meet us; and we had begun to wonder what was to become of us—what we should do, and whither we should go in a strange city, where we did not know a soul—when we were relieved from our embarrassment by the appearance of the Vice-Consul, who came on board to meet a friend. He told us that, owing to an expected ball, all the houses were unusually full, and that not one of the people who had been written to could take us in. This was rather bad news, but we felt sure that something would turn up.

We landed, and, after proceeding a short distance along the dirty street, came to a bridge with iron gates, which were thrown open by the sentry. After crossing a dirty stream we found ourselves in the foreign settlement—Shameen it is called—walking on nice turf, under the shade of fine trees. The houses of the merchants which line this promenade are all fine, handsome stone buildings, with deep verandahs. At the back there are compounds with kitchen gardens, and under the trees dairy cows are grazing. Every household appears to supply itself with garden and farm produce, and the whole scene has a most English, home-like appearance.

* I have since been told that only the captain and one or two passengers were killed, and the vessel run ashore near, not at Macao.

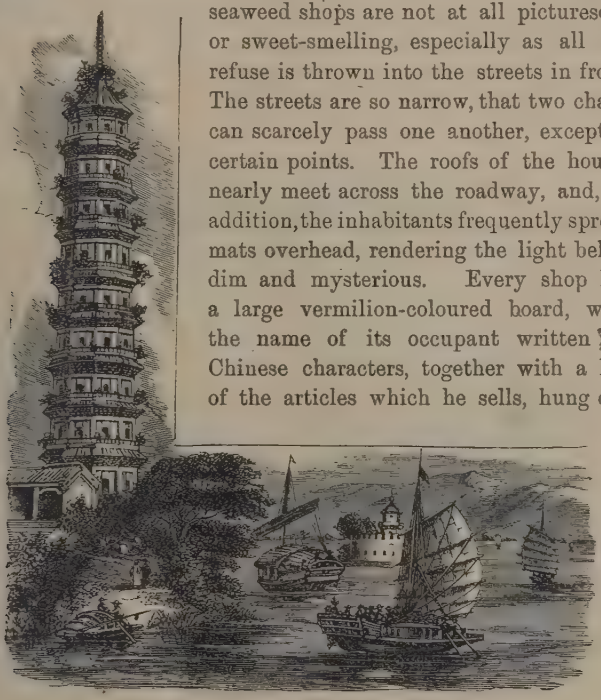
By the kindness of various people, to whom we were introduced, we all found ourselves gradually installed in luxurious quarters. About three o'clock we started in five chairs, with Man-look-Chin for our guide. Tom vigorously protested against not being allowed to use his own legs, but everybody assured him that it was impossible in the crowded streets of the city, so he had to submit to being carried. No Chinamen, except those employed by foreigners, is allowed to cross any of the bridges over the stream, which completely surrounds the foreign settlement, and makes the suburb of Shameen a perfect island. There are iron gates on each bridge, guarded by sentries. The contrast in the state of things presented by the two sides of the

On the Pearl River.

bridge is most marvellous. From the quiet country park, full of large villas and pretty gardens, you emerge into a filthy city, full of a seething, dirty population, and where smells and sights of the most disgusting description meet you at every turn. People who have seen many Chinese cities say that Canton is the cleanest of them all. What the dirtiest must be like is therefore beyond my imagination. The suburbs of the city, where all sorts of cheap eating-shops abound—where the butchers and fishmongers expose the most untempting-looking morsels for sale, and where there are hampers of all sorts of nasty-looking compounds, done up ready for the buyer of the smallest portion to take home—are especially revolting. The Chinese, however poor,

like several courses to their meals, which are served in little bowls on a small table to each person, and eaten with chop-sticks, as in Japan. It is to gratify this taste that what we should think a very minute fish, or a tiny chicken, is cut up into half-a-dozen pieces and sold to several purchasers.

The Chinese are very fond of fish, and are most ingenious in propagating, rearing, and keeping them. The dried-fish and seaweed shops are not at all picturesque or sweet-smelling, especially as all the refuse is thrown into the streets in front. The streets are so narrow, that two chairs can scarcely pass one another, except at certain points. The roofs of the houses nearly meet across the roadway, and, in addition, the inhabitants frequently spread mats overhead, rendering the light below dim and mysterious. Every shop has a large vermilion-coloured board, with the name of its occupant written in Chinese characters, together with a list of the articles which he sells, hung out

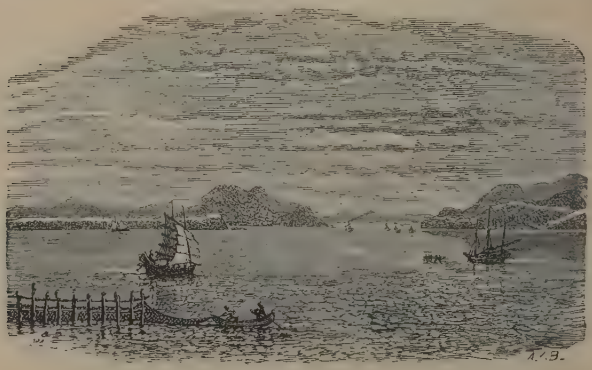


Chinese Pagoda and Boats.

in front of it, so that the view down the narrow streets is very bright and peculiar. These highways and byways are not unlke the bazaars at Constantinople and Cairo, and different wares are also sold in different localities after the Eastern fashion. This is, in some respects, a great advantage, as, if you are in search of any particular article, you have almost an unlimited choice of whatever the town has to offer. But, on the other hand, if you

want a variety of articles, it is an inconvenient arrangement, as you have to go all over the place to find them, and probably have to visit the most opposite quarters. We visited an ivory shop, and saw some splendid specimens of carving. One man had been for fifteen months employed in carving on one side of an enormous elephant's tusk the representation of a battle scene, and on the other that of a thanksgiving procession. It will take him at least another year to finish the job.

Friday, March 2nd.—Quitting the pretty cool suburb we passed through streets quite as dirty as those of yesterday, until the heart of the city had been reached. We went first to the



Bogue Forts, Pearl River.

wedding-chair shop, where they kept sedan-chairs, of four qualities, for hire whenever a wedding occurs. Even the commonest are made gorgeous by silver gilding and lacquer, while the best are really marvels of decorative art, completely covered with the blue lustrous feathers of a kind of kingfisher. In shape they are like a square pagoda, and round each tier are groups of figures. The dresses are also made of expensive feathers, but then they last for generations. There are no windows to these strange conveyances, in which the bride is carried to her future home, closely shut up, with joss-sticks burning in front of her. Recently there have been two sad accidents. In one case the journey was long, there was no outlet for the smoke of the joss-sticks, and when they arrived and opened the chair, the bride

was found dead from suffocation. The other accident occurred through the chair catching fire while it was passing through some narrow street under an archway. The bearers became frightened, put down their burden, and ran away, leaving the poor bride locked up inside to be burnt to death.

The next thing to see was the weaving of silk, which is done in the most primitive manner. One man throws the shuttle, while another forms the pattern by jumping on the top of the loom and raising a certain number of threads, in order to allow the shuttle to pass beneath them. Then came a visit to the Temple of Longevity, a large Buddhist temple, with a monastic establishment of about ninety priests attached to it. It contains three shrines with large figures, but nothing specially interesting. Outside the temple stands the Jadestone Market, where incredible quantities of this valuable stone change hands before ten o'clock every morning, both in its rough and its polished state. The stalls are the simplest wooden stands, and the appearance of the vendors is poor in the extreme. The contents of the stalls, however, are worth from £500 to £1,000 (not dollars), and there are hundreds of these stalls, besides an entire jadestone street which we afterwards visited. Jadestone is a material very difficult to work, and in many cases the result attained is not worth the labour expended upon it.

We then went to see the Flowery Pagoda, built A.D. 512, but now deprived of many of its decorations. The Brilliant Pagoda too, so called from having once been covered with snow-white porcelain, is now only a tall brick-pointed tower nine stories high. By this time we all felt hungry, and began to wend our way towards the *yamun*. On the outskirts may be seen prisoners in chains, or wearing the *cangue*, imprisoned in a cage, or else suffering one of the numerous tortures inflicted in this country. I did not go to see any of these horrors, neither did I visit the execution ground; but some of the party did, and described it as a most horrible sight. Skulls were lying about in all directions, one of which had been quite recently severed from its trunk, the ground being quite moist and red.

In Treasury Street (said to be the finest in Canton), you can buy burning-sticks measured to mark the time. They are extremely cheap, but perfectly accurate, and there seems little doubt that they have been used by the Chinese for thousands of

years before the Christian era. We went back through more crowded streets to rest awhile, before dressing to go out to dinner at eight o'clock. The dinner was quite English in its style, and the table looked bright with tea roses, heliotrope, and mignonette. The table had been charmingly decorated by the Chinese servants, and even the *menu* had been arranged by them. They seem to save their employer all trouble, even that of thinking, provided the services of really good ones can be secured. We have had one for only a few days, and does everything for Tom and me. He appears to know exactly what we want to do or to wear, and to foresee all our requirements.

But to return to this famous repast. It began with mandarin bird's-nest soup, with plover's eggs floating about in it. This is a most delicious and dainty dish, and is invariably given to strangers on their first arrival. I had no idea how expensive the nests were—fifty-four dollars a "pice," weighing something under a pound, and its takes two or three ounces to make enough soup for ten people. We had a very pleasant evening, talking over our experiences, and exchanging news as to our mutual friends.

GOOD-BYE.

We say it for an hour or for years ;
We say it smiling, say it choked with tears ;
We say it coldly, say it with a kiss ;
And yet we have no other word than this,—
Good-bye.

We have no dearer word for our heart's friend,
For him who journeys to the world's far end,
And scars our soul with going ; thus we say,
As unto him who steps but o'er the way,—
Good-bye.

Alike to those we love and those we hate,
We say no more in parting. At life's gate,
To him who passes out beyond earth's sight,
We cry as to the wanderer for a night,—
Good-bye.

AT NAPLES AND UP VESUVIUS.

BY JOHN CAMERON, ESQ., TORONTO.

NAPLES AND MOUNT VESUVIUS.

To Naples from Rome, leaving about two p.m., arriving at nine at night. Weather warm, but by no means oppressive. Harvesting is now general; we see groups of men, women, and children, in all stages of nudity, at work digging potatoes. Getting further southward the fruitful nature of the soil becomes apparent. Vineyards on the sides of sunward slopes; olive groves, pomegranates, figs, lemons, oranges, wonderfully large blackberries. On the way to our hotel, several miles from the station, we become aware that we are in a large city. The population of Naples is five hundred thousand; it is the most populous place in Italy. Long lines of gas lights, wide streets, houses seven and eight storeys high, with ornamented balconies projecting from each storey; innumerable lemonade and fruit stands; crowds of evening promenaders on the streets. Bright fires on iron frameworks on the sidewalks are boiling macaroni and potatoes, the viands being exposed for sale steaming hot at all hours of the day and night. As we wind about the bay, the gas lamps reflect themselves in the clear water. The cool bedrooms in the Hôtel des Etrangers are floored with mosaic-patterned, glazed

crockery tiles. Under the window could be heard street musicians; two guitars, a flute, and a fine tenor voice. For music as good as this people beyond the Atlantic are allowed to pay high prices—"reserved seats extra." The Italians beat the world for street music, whether in the form of instrumental selections or ballads. They sing in the harvest fields, sing driving their donkey carts, sing everywhere.

At six o'clock in the morning, throwing open the window, carpenters are seen at work on the quay opposite; soldiers being drilled; already two beggars are posted on the street awaiting the chance of a few *centimes*. From my window spreads out a pleasant prospect of the Bay of Naples; and before me, a few miles distant, Mount Vesuvius. Walking before breakfast, a few minutes are whiled away by notices hung up in the inner court of the hotel. Among them the card of a hotel in Athens—no great distance from this point; also announcements of Presbyterian, Episcopalian and Greek Church services. In Italian hotels the names of the visitors are hung up, with the number of the room attached, in a public place in the court. These high buildings—some yellow, some light brown, mostly white—are many of them ornamented with large iron stove-pipes running up the outside; the architectural effect is not improved.

Naples was formerly the Bourbon headquarters. In this city Virgil wrote much of his poetry. Here is performed annually the miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of Saint Januarius; and frequently throughout the year occur brilliant church festivals. Under the present Italian Government Naples, like Rome, shows some signs of reviving life; but the bulk of the people seem to have few aspirations beyond the necessities and the pleasures of the moment. The position of Naples on the Mediterranean is all any energetic community could desire, yet the commerce of the place amounts to little. The interest in Naples consists mainly in the beautiful bay on which it is situated, and in the fact that from it Pompeii and Vesuvius can most conveniently be visited. It is notorious for beggary and vice.

At 8.30 our whole party set out in carriages for Pompeii, about twelve miles distant, intending to "do" Vesuvius later in the day on the way back. I took a front seat with the driver, and had a good opportunity in passing through the crowded streets to observe what was going on. Everywhere in Italy you notice

little donkeys bearing heavily-laden panniers of vegetables, fruits, grass, etc. The donkey is everywhere one of the most useful and ill-used of animals. It is rather amusing to see their drivers walk behind and steer them by the tail. Occasionally you meet a man and boy doing a street business on the co-operative principle—the boy does the carrying and the man the shouting. Naples swarms with beggars, though this characteristic, like many others about Italy, has been over-coloured. On the streets are many deformed people whose malformations are painful to look upon. In front of some of the shops are long lines of macaroni hung out to dry and for sale. The street pavement of Naples is of stone blocks, laid diagonally, and fitted closely together like a marble floor. The horses are shod for these hard streets with flat, corkless shoes, extending about half an inch in front of the hoof. Occasionally you meet a donkey and an ox hitched together—the driver very likely asleep; sometimes you see an ox in the middle, with a little horse on each side, three abreast. I cannot say that the common people of Naples are tidy in personal appearance. They seem to have leisure to lounge on the doorsteps and sidewalks; but they have no time to wash themselves.

Before reaching our destination it may be useful to recall the circumstances which account for the pathetic interest which the name of Pompeii has long evoked in every part of the world. Pompeii was a snug little city of twenty-five thousand inhabitants, with forum, temples, colonnades, theatres, and handsome villas, all complete. It was a favourite resort for Romans of the wealthier sort; and there is reason to believe it was noted for profligacy. In the year 63 A.D. an earthquake took place by which the greater part of Pompeii was destroyed. It was rebuilt in better style than ever. About sixteen years later, on the 24th of August, in the year 79, the people were perplexed and terrified by a dense shower of ashes from Mount Vesuvius, which continued falling until streets and houses were covered to a depth of many feet. Most of the inhabitants made good their escape. Some who may have been sick; others who were perhaps paralyzed with fear and uncertainty as to the best course to adopt; and some who may have returned to rescue their valuables, were overwhelmed in the fearful visitation. The wooden roofs of the houses were broken in or set on fire. For seventeen

hundred years Pompeii lay hidden. In the year 1748 the discovery of statues and bronze utensils by a peasant attracted attention. Excavations were commenced, which have been continued more or less ever since, and are still in progress. Nearly the whole of the buried city has now been brought to light. The life and manners—the mode of existence, the amusements, the occupations, utensils, food, ornaments—were all found pictured in the lava mould, which had faithfully preserved its trust for seventeen centuries. We wander among the ruins, recalling the past, and picturing the confusion and terror of that fateful August day. This was the pleasant suburban villa of Diomede; narrow corridors; low roofs; inner court; the bedrooms in all Pompeian houses were small. In the wine cellar, which had been fled to for refuge, seventeen skeletons were found. Remains of marble temples; beautiful mosaic-worked fountains, and buildings marked by signs of various kinds, meet the eye on every hand. Some of these signs are not suitable for description; the same may be said of some of the wall frescoes. Many of the most interesting remains of Pompeii have been deposited for preservation in the museum at Naples. In the small museum at Pompeii is the skeleton of a young girl, as she fell with her handkerchief at her mouth. Another woman had two gold rings on her hand. Here is a negro slave; he had a number of pieces of gold in his hand. Among the remains is a loaf of bread, now black and charred, but retaining its shape; also a plate of grapes perfect in form. Yonder is the sentry-box of the faithful Roman soldier, who would not leave his post without orders though the heavens fell. The narrow streets of Pompeii were paved with large stones, on which are to be seen the ruts of carriage wheels. Among the noticeable things of Pompeii, and indeed of all Roman remains of the same period, are the frescoes. The colours, the secret of which is lost, are brilliant and fadeless. They are as fresh to-day as they were two thousand years ago; nothing could exceed the grace and beauty of many of the designs. Thackeray generously and truly says in his "Newcomes" that no better guide-book of Pompeii, no better delineation of Pompeian life, has ever been published than "The Last Days of Pompeii," by the late Lord Lytton. It is the most natural thing in the world, in strolling through these silent streets, to people them with Diomede and Glaucus, Ione and Nyada, Ar-

baces the Egyptian, and all the amusement-loving throng who walked its pavements.

After lunch at the restaurant close by Pompeii, to the accompaniment of harp and violin, we drive to Resina (built on the site of Herculaneum), the starting-point for the ascent of Vesuvius. From this point the time of going and coming is about seven hours. Except the last hour's climb, the journey is performed on ponies. Some had little horses. To my lot fell a donkey. It is wasting time to endeavour to hurry a donkey up hill. The scene, as we started out, was of the most amusing character. Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad" is by no means exclusively caricature; his description of the ascent of Mount Vesuvius is not in the least exaggerated. The long legs of some of our horsemen dangled nearly to the ground; one equestrian was discovered with a long stick in one hand, a raised umbrella in the other, and a switch for the donkey between his teeth. About one hundred natives ran behind proffering their services. They shouted; offered the loan of walking sticks for half a franc; unintermittently whacked the animals, to an explosive exclamation of something like "Ah! ah! ah!" a sort of equivalent for "G'lang!" But their chief peculiarity was their theory, honoured by practice, that the best way to help a mule along is to hang on to his tail. Under pretence of twisting the animal's caudal appendage and hereby promoting locomotion, they are really getting a ride up hill. Our procession moves on through fertile vineyards until, half way up, we reach the "Hermitage," a small tavern where you can take rest, give breathing space to your steed, and, if you like, indulge in the celebrated "Lachrymæ Christi" wine of the neighbourhood. For half an hour longer we ride upward, through strange-looking, wave-like fields of lava, black as jet. We have now been two hours and a half in the ascent; this is as far as the mules can go; the remaining hour's climb to the summit must be done on foot. There are several ways of easing the ascent. You can be carried up bodily, or you can take hold of the strap so persistently offered by the guide. As the cone is steep, and the rays of the sun on the mountain side rather telling, the grip of a strap is quite a comfort. The picture of the climbers would be worth printing. Unfortunately, the artist of the party was busy holding on to a strap at the moment the pageant was most imposing. A few gentlemen from

Philadelphia reached the top in triumph on the shoulders of their guides. A certain jolly Briton went up in state—one guide pulling, another behind pushing. Even when assisted, tramping through the loose pumice-stone is hard work, and all are glad when the top is reached.

The view of the surrounding country from this elevation, nearly five thousand feet, is no mean compensation for the fatigue involved. In various directions lie Pompeii, Herculaneum, and Naples; fruit gardens and grape trellises enliven the slopes and valleys; mountains, purpled by distance, contrast their beauty with the Bay of Naples and the Mediterranean. It is the orthodox thing at the summit to cook eggs in the hot sand, and the eggs are cooked accordingly. The view of the crater is impressive. The upper part of the huge bowl-like rim is frescoed with sulphuric exhalations of many colours. Below this the chasm shoots suddenly and perpendicularly to a depth so profound that you shudder to look into it. The mountain being "in labour," vast volumes of smoke and sulphuric vapour roll upward, presenting the appearance, visible for many miles, of a pillar of cloud (at night a pillar of fire). The mountain, after having been quiet for several years, has lately again become active. Occasionally an eruption of lava takes place; a short time ago a shower of ashes to the depth of several inches caused the people of Naples to fear the fate of Pompeii. That Naples may some day be overwhelmed is by no means unlikely.

The ascent of Vesuvius is not dangerous if ordinary caution is used. It is not well to venture too near the brittle and loose edge of the cup. Not long ago a young German in this way lost his life. Many theories have been advanced to explain these volcanic phenomena. The simple solution is generally accepted, that the molten masses supposed to exist in the interior of the earth in some way come into contact with the sea. Humboldt long ago pointed out that all the active volcanoes of the earth are close to the sea. The steam and smoke and gases, as in a boiler, must have vent. Vesuvius may be one of the earth's safety valves. It was evening when we descended into the valley, terribly tired, and glad that Vesuvius was "done," and not yet to "do." About half-past nine o'clock, proceeding through Naples homeward, we drove through a grand illumination connected with

the recent *fête* of *Corpus Christi*. The perspective of long rows of coloured lamps and Chinese lanterns hung across the street was magnificent; at intervals the effect was heightened by arches of flame.

Next day was devoted to a sail on the Mediterranean, calling at the Blue Grotto, and taking dinner on the beautiful Island of Capri. Returning, we had a fine view of the Bay of Naples, which certainly possesses every element of beauty in itself and its surroundings. However, I think its sunsets have been over-praised. They are beautiful, but I have seen as rich sunsets on Lake Superior as any I have seen in Italy. The skies of Canada are not a whit behind those of Italy in blueness, and the atmosphere of Canada is quite as clear. There are a good many misconceptions about Italy. It is not very unhealthy in summer, nor is it so unbearably hot, as it is generally represented. The June climate of Italy is about the same as the July of Canada, but cool enough mornings and evenings. The proper time to see Italy in all its beauty is in May or in the early part of June. Persons who will take the ordinary precautions they are compelled to take even at home, can travel through Italy with safety during any part of the summer. A two-hours' mid-day rest avoids the greatest heat. It is considered prudent to sleep with closed windows at night. Strong liquors had better be avoided. The water is not always good, but tea and coffee, or light wines for those who care for them, can everywhere be obtained. You are not knocked down in St. Peter's at Rome, as some suppose, if you do not kneel down. On the contrary, you are everywhere throughout Italy treated with outward politeness and consideration. While this is so, I must admit that the storekeepers, especially in Southern Italy, are a set of dreadful liars. They ask three times what they expect to get for an article; they rather expect you to beat them down to one-third or one-half of the price originally asked. Then look out that they do not palm off for change some "ungoable" notes; each town has a local paper currency which will pass nowhere else; insist on receiving bills of the National Bank, which pass anywhere in Italy. As for the hotelkeepers, they are sure to charge you with something which you never get; your only plan is to shout as loudly and gesticulate as vehemently as themselves,

when the bill may without difficulty be reduced to honest proportions. I don't believe there is a hotel in Italy equal to the "Queen's" or the "Rossin," of Toronto. The best I have seen is the Hôtel de Londres, Pisa. The bread is frequently sour, the butter saltless and lardy, and the cooking but an indifferent average. Our Englishman is "down" on the *table d'hôte* both in Italy and France. He says these people could not *stand* a good substantial meal with English roast beef. "*They aint got no insoides,* these French and Italians!" says our honest Briton.

THE ETERNAL HOME.

BY FRED. W. FABER.

ALONE! to land upon that shore!
With no one sight that we have seen before—
Things of a different hue,
And sounds all strange and new;
No forms of earth our fancies to arrange,
But to begin alone that mighty change!

Alone! to land upon that shore!
Knowing so well we can return no more—
No voices or face of friend,
None with us to attend
Our disembarking on that awful strand,
But to arrive at home in such a land!

Alone? No! God hath been there long before,
Eternally hath waited on that shore,
For us who were to come
To our eternal home;
O, is He not the life-long Friend we know
More privately than any friend below?

Alone? the God we trust is on that shore;
The faithful One whom we have trusted more
In trials and in woes
Than we have trusted those
On whom we leaned most in our earthly strife;
O, we shall trust Him more in that new life!

So, not alone we land upon that shore;
'Twill be as though we had been there before;
We shall meet more we know
Than we can meet below,
And find our rest like some returning dove,
Our home at once with the Eternal Love.

AN ALLIANCE FOR POPULAR EDUCATION.*

BY J. H. VINCENT, D.D.,
President of the Chautauqua Association.

As we look into the past with joy and gratitude, let us recollect that the worthiest appreciation of the past expresses itself in wise provisions for the future. It is folly to stand by bursting granaries and, in the satisfaction of possession, forget to plan and plough and plant for future harvests. Looking back to-day with thankfulness, let us look forward with faith; but let our faith have eyes. Let us add to our faith vigilance. Let us rejoice with fear and trembling. Wise men do sometimes shout, but they also think; and in deep thought jubilant joy may find some abatement, for there are always perils beyond. One does well to temper his gladness with caution when the fog-banks are ahead, icebergs on the border, and the night is settling down. A sailor climbs to his wet watch on the foremast; captain and first mate are on the bridge, and the rope to the fog-whistle is adjusted. True, the sky is clear overhead, and to the west it is golden, and the sun goes in royal state to his setting; but, if I rest to-night, it must be by faith, and because some one else is awake and watching.

Faith in God is good for man, and it is sometimes man's only hold. But when man forgets and forsakes some other possible hold, and trusts God in lieu of personal fidelity, he has as little right to find rest in his faith as have captain and crew on a foggy sea when bridge and foremast are deserted, and fog horn silent.

This nation is at sea, and the voyage is long and there are

* An address delivered at Rosland Park, Woodstock, Conn., July 4, 1884.

Dr. Vincent, in response to our request, kindly promised to contribute to this MAGAZINE an article on the great educational work in which he is engaged. When we read, however, in the *Independent* this magnificent address, we asked permission to reprint it, 'without prejudice' to our claim to the special article from the author of what we believe is the greatest educational movement of the age. We hope that very many of our readers, especially of our younger readers, will catch the inspiration of this noble work and become hearty sympathizers and co-operators with its progress in Canada.—ED.

dangers ahead; and while faith is good, Vigilance and Wisdom must hold up its hands. Even Moses needed Aaron and Hur.

There is much false faith in this world; and Americans who, in a theoretical way, trust God, run infinite risks and do great wrongs, but keep on trusting, as though strong faith could atone for great folly. They believe that God rules: that He rules in upper realms, from which He thrusts down interpositions and brings things to pass, regardless of human conformities. We will go on our way and God will go on His way; and God's way will be worked out without reference to us, our aims or our efforts. We are little, but He is great. We are sinful, but He is gracious. We move our men on the social and political chessboard, and whether we do it flippantly, foolishly, by mistake or malice, the right end is sure to be reached, and we shall win the victory. We trust parties, policies and expedients. What we cannot win by our adroitness God will work out by His wisdom. We do not see that in such faith all moral distinctions are obliterated and God's throne of righteousness turned into a centre of diplomacy and of mere physical force.

The American people are, however, slowly learning (and political leaders may yet learn) that risks are to be run among the uncertainties only after watchfulness, wisdom and righteousness in the realm of human influence. When we do our part well, where we know in whole or in part beginning, relations and end, then, and only then, may we gather comfort from our trust in God's knowledge, power and grace.

My hope for the future glory of this land is not in its past successes, nor in God's ultimate purpose, but in God's righteousness and wisdom and grace, as accepted and employed by the citizen, voter, and legislator. God can work wonders; but let no man rejoice in hope who is not doing what he can to bring these wonders to pass, and that according to the divine order. God can work wonders; but there are wonders of justice and wrath, and how terrible they are, let students of history tell.

Faith in God is good, I repeat; but with what faith and in what God do we trust? Great dangers hide themselves in false faith; and sincere faith in a false God is a woful thing.

One of our national perils arises from our false estimate of civilization—a good thing we talk about glibly and vainly glorify. By civilization we mean steam and electricity, mowing

machines and patent binders, ocean palaces, limited express trains, a daily press, the fine arts, commerce and society. These are the best results of a force long operating in the world, a force resistless as destiny, and controlled in realms beyond our reach. Civilization will save us from deterioration: and as it has brought us so will it keep us from barbarism. We half believe that civilization and not faith is the secret of our fathers' power. It is the secret of our children's hope.

Allow me to say that in "civilization" I have little faith. There is little refining and no reforming power in it. At the best it is opportunity to be used for the weal or the woe of the race. One man employs it, in its varied forms of invention and transportation, to send a message of good will or of material aid from continent to continent. In compact form, on wings of fire, his message goes to comfort and strengthen. Another man uses the forces of the same civilization to transport dynamite for the purposes of revenge and destruction. My hope is in men and not in civilization. We must remember that the child born in the heart of this nineteenth century, and in the centre of American culture and comfort, brings with him the same old tendencies to selfishness and sensuality, which have belonged to human nature from the beginning, whether its representatives are born under the skies of Greece, Great Britain, or Patagonia. Every babe born is a new barbarian to be saved and civilized. The things he inherits from his times—natural sensitiveness, delicacy and high ambition—may only the more imperil him and render all the heavier the responsibilities and difficulties of his parents and teachers.

The safety of our country for the future lies, therefore, in those agencies which address themselves to the individual soul, moulding and mastering and inspiring it; not in new devices, material provisions, modern organizations, but in the old and natural and divine ways of God with souls, through old and tested and established institutions. Let me tell you in five short sentences the need of our American life in order to its prosperity and perpetuity: 1. Firm, wise and gentle home government of the young candidate for citizenship—a government beginning very early and continuing all the way up into manhood. 2. Steady, practical, every-day home illustrations of the great principles of righteousness in character and administration, that the child

may, by effective object lessons in the family, be taught the reality of abstract principles. 3. Religious reverence, conscientiousness, self-control and aspiration, through the varied ministries of the Church. 4. Personal and social culture, by which one's power may be increased, his standards of attainment elevated, and the world of thought and delight enlarged. Humanitarian impulse and action, embodied in a life of helpfulness and self-sacrifice, that in all the relations of life every man may ask every day: How may I this day help my fellow-man?

But in saying these five things I have said nothing new and told of nothing that the ancients did not possess. I have simply exalted Home, Church, School and Co-operative Labour as means of developing personal character in the coming citizen. If men are what they should be, the nation will be right; and if these old institutions—Home, Church and School—do their part well, men will be what they should be.

I do not stop with these platitudes. These institutions are accepted and exalted; but to-day they stand too much apart. Every one is good; but any one is weak, if left alone; and, in our modern civilization, we leave good agencies too much alone. They are parts of a great army, but disconnected, and for this very reason, often defeated. We do not need new agencies. We need a closer alliance of the old agencies. And to-day I plead for a league of the established agencies of society, in the development of national character. Let us no longer depend upon Home alone, nor upon the Church alone, nor upon the School alone, nor upon Commerce and Labour alone, but upon an alliance—close, earnest, active and perpetual; these agencies receiving from each other, inspiring each other, helping each other. Such compact alliance is essential. We have too long glorified separate institutions. Let us come to an era of combination and co-operation.

The fireside, the pulpit, the school and the shop must be linked and leagued together. Each must help every other. Home must connect itself, in all its firm authorities, sweet affections, and tender influences, with pulpit, school and shop. Pulpit must send its reverence, faith and hope, its lofty moral and religious standards and its sacred magnetisms into home, school, and shop. School must reach with its habits of honest, concentrated and continuous thinking, its wealth of learning and its broad horizons,

pulpit, home and shop; and shop must put its knowledge of men and things, its tact, industry and economy, and its wholesome common sense into the administrations of the family, the utterances of the pulpit, and the instructions of the school.

Parents, preachers, school-teachers and master mechanics must come together to consult, sympathize and co-operate. We do not need new devices. We need a combination of the old domestic, religious, educational and industrial, to take people on all sides of their natures and cultivate them symmetrically, making men, women, and children everywhere more affectionate and sympathetic as members of a family; more conscientious and reverent as worshippers together of the true God; more intelligent and thoughtful as students in the universe of ideas: and more industrious, economical and generous, as members of society in a workaday world. Life is one, and religion belongs everywhere. Our young people should consider educational advantages as so many religious opportunities. Every day should be sacred. The schoolhouse should be God's house to them. There should be no break between Sabbaths. The cable of divine motive should stretch through seven days, touching, with its sanctifying power, every hour of every day.

Kitchen work, farm work, shop work, as well as school work, are divine. They hide rare pearls in their rough shells. They are means of discipline in the highest qualities of character, and through them come some of the great and mightiest energies from the heavens. Our youth should be guarded against that baleful heresy, that, when they leave the hour of song, prayer and revival power, and go to homely service in shop or field, they are imperilling spiritual life, as though only so-called sacred services could conserve it.

This, then, is my plea on this day of national independence: I call for an alliance and a hearty co-operation of home, pulpit, school and shop; an alliance consecrated to universal culture; for young and old; for all the days and weeks of all the years; for all the varied faculties of the soul and in all the possible relations of life.

Each institution embodies and represents an idea; and every soul in the nation needs in his own life these representative ideas: the home idea of mutual love and tenderness; the church idea of reverence and conscientiousness; the school idea

of personal culture, and the shop idea of diligence, economy and mutual help. The young and the old need these things. The rich and the poor need them. Capital and labour need them. The educated and the illiterate need them. Give them to the people. Hold up high standards of attainment. Show the learned their limitations and the illiterate their possibilities. I plead for a universal education; for plans of reading and study; for all legitimate enticements and incitements to ambition; for all necessary adaptations as to time and topics; for ideal associations which shall at once excite the imagination and set the heart aglow. Stretch over the land a magnificent temple, broad as the continent, lofty as the heavens into which homes, churches, schools and shops may build themselves as parts of a splendid university in which people of all ages and conditions may be enrolled as students. Unify such eager and various multitudes. Let them read the same books, think along the same lines, sing the same songs, observe the same sacred days—days consecrated to the delights of a lofty, intellectual and spiritual life. Let the course of prescribed reading be broad and comprehensive; limited in its first general survey of the wide world of knowledge; opening out into special courses, according to the reader's development, taste and opportunity. Show people out of school what wonders people out of school may accomplish. Show people no longer young that the mind reaches its maturity long after the school days end, and that some of the best intellectual and literary labour is performed in and beyond middle life. College halls are not the only places for prosecuting courses of study. College facilities are not the only opportunities for securing an education. A college is possible in everyday life if one choose to use it; a college in house, street, shop, farm, market, for rich and poor, the curriculum of which runs through the whole of life; a college that trains men and women everywhere to read and think and talk and do; and to read, think, talk, and do with a purpose; and that purpose that they may be; a college that trains indolent people to work with their own hands; that trains people who work with their hands to work also with their brains; to think in their work; to think for their work, and to make other people work and think.

A plan of this kind, simple in its provisions, limited in its requirements, accepted by adults, prosecuted with firm purpose, ap-

pealing to the imagination and to the conscience, must work miracles, intellectual, social and religious, in household, neighbourhood and nation.

It will bring parents into fuller sympathy with their children, at the time when sympathy is most needed; sympathy with them in their educational aims; sympathy with them in the lines of reading and study.

It will help parents to help the teachers of their children, preparing infants under school age, to make a good beginning; inciting and assisting the children who have entered school to do good work in preparation and recitation; protecting themselves against peculiar temptations of play-ground and class-room; holding them to the end of the high-school course; inspiring them to seek the higher education of the college, or to pursue after-school courses of reading and study at home.

Such general scheme of education will increase the refining and ennobling influence of home life, promoting self-control and dignity of deportment, mutual respect and affection, a laudable family pride, and true social ambition; giving the whole house an air of refinement; touching with artistic skill floors, walls and windows; finding the right place and the right light for the right picture; putting the right book on shelf and table; furnishing a wider range of topics for home conversation; crowding out frivolity and gossip; removing sources of unrest and discontent at home; making evenings there more agreeable than life on the street; creating a real independence of the outside world, and making one's own house the centre of the whole world of science, literature, art and society. Windows open out through every wall; and beyond vines, trees and garden the inmates see the old world of history, the new world of science, the rich world of literature, the royal world of art. And through skylights they look up and see the world of God—His love and holiness and the boundless life to which He invites us. And thus they all see, in that household, that, seen aright, all realms of knowledge, both past and present, are flooded with the light of God.

Popular education will increase the value of the pulpit by putting more knowledge, thoughtfulness and appreciation into the pew, and encouraging the preacher to give his best thought in his best way.

It will put more good sense into popular religious utterances,

so that the talk of the prayer-meeting will be sobered by wisdom and directed by tact, thus gaining in its influence over cultivated people, and especially over the young people of high-school and lecture hall. It will enable everybody more accurately to measure the worth and the limitations of science, and will cause them to fear far less the dogma of pseudo-scientists concerning religious facts and doctrines.

Popular education will increase the power of the people in politics, augmenting the independent vote, which makes party leaders cautious where lack of conscience would make them careless concerning truth and honesty.

It will tend to a better understanding between the classes of society, causing the poor to honour wealth won by honest ways of work, by skill and economy; to despise wealth and winners of wealth, when greed and trickery gather the gold; to honour knowledge and all taste for knowledge, whether it be found clad in fine linen or in linsey woolsey; to hate with resolute and righteous hatred all sham and shoddy, all arrogance and pretentiousness; to avoid struggles between capital and labour, and to promote, in all possible ways, the glorious brotherhood of honesty, sympathy and culture—a culture that addresses itself to all sides of a man's nature.

Under the auspices of this great "Every-day College" you may imagine the soliloquy of a woman more than forty-five years of age. She says:

"I am busy with many duties—household cares or shop-work. I have something to do all the time. There seems no end to calls, toils, worry and weariness. In kitchen, parlour, farm, or factory, something is to be done.

"I am old—that is, older than I once was. Don't let us talk about that. Gray hairs? No, you cannot find any gray hairs in my head—or, can you? Never mind. The heart's young, and it's nobody's business how old the bones are.

"I am going to college! Never mind about thirty years, or fifty, or seventy; I am going to college. Harvard? No, nor Yale, nor Boston, nor Middletown, nor Evanston, nor Wellesley. I don't want to mix with a lot of reckless boys, or ambitious girls, just now. I have enough of them at home or in the neighbourhood. I am going to college, my own college, in my own house, taking my own time; turning the years into a college

term; turning my kitchen into a sitting-room, and parlour into college halls, recitation rooms and laboratory. What a *campus* I have! Green fields and forests, streams and mountain ranges, stretching out to the sunset. What a dome surmounts my college! Vast space, blue background billowy clouds, resplendent stars! What professors I have, in books, immortal books of history and science and art; books of poetry, fiction and fact.

"In my college are enrolled the names of glorious men and women who never enjoyed any other college—Shakespeare, Benjamin Franklin, Washington Irving, John G. Whittier, Horace Greeley, Abraham Lincoln, John Bright and hosts of others who went to their own college and wrought out their own education, as I will do in 'my college.' I can never be what they were; but I can be something, and can make the world better and children happier, and life nobler, because of the feeble efforts I put forth to get a better education.

"I am going to college! I want to improve all my talents. I have intellect. I intend to develop and enrich it. I must know more. I must love to know. I must know more for the sake of larger influence over others for their good—children, servants, neighbours, church associates. God has given me at least one talent I ought to improve it. I will improve it.

"I am going to college! I am 'a child of a King' and have a right to my inheritance. 'All things are yours.' Well, I want to take up my property in stars and flowers and in the knowledge men have gathered about my royal Father's kingdom. Astronomers, bring me what you have discovered in the outlying domains of my Father's universe! Geologists, tell me the story you have learned from the rocky pages of the earth concerning the beginnings and the development of the planet I live on. Thus I intend to lay hold of all the treasure-seekers and teachers and high priests of Nature and literature and art, and bid them bring the truth they hold, my Father's truth, *my* truth, and place the goodly inheritance at my feet. 'Whatsoever things are true .... think on these things.' I am going to college!

"'Where am I going?' I shall stay at home and construct a college there. My house—small, poorly furnished (never mind) is my college centre. My neighbours, the richest of them and the poorest, the most humble and ignorant, and the most scholarly,

shall be my professors. I will ask questions about everything and everybody till I find out what I want to know. Some of the stupidest people can tell me something, and when I draw them out I do them good. Getting, I can give.

"And don't talk to me about age. Let the poet answer your raven cry:

> "'But why, you ask me, shall this tale be told
> To men grown old or who are growing old?
> It is too late! Ah! nothing is too late
> Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.
> Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles
> Wrote his grand "Œdipus," and Simonides
> Bore off the prize of verse from his compeers
> When each had numbered more than fourscore years;
> And Theophrastus at fourscore and ten
> Had but begun his "Characters of Men;"
> Chaucer, at Woodstock with the nightingales,
> At sixty wrote the "Canterbury Tales;"
> Goethe at Weimar, toiling to the last,
> Completed "Faust" when eighty years were past.
> These are, indeed, exceptions; but they show
> How far the Gulf stream of our youth may flow
> Into the Artic regions of our lives,
> When little else than life itself survives.
> Shall we, then, idly sit us down and say:
> The night hath come; it is no longer day?
> The night hath not yet come; we are not quite
> Cut off from labour by the failing light.
> Something remains for us to do or dare;
> Even the oldest tree some fruit may bear;
> For age is opportunity no less
> Than youth, though in another dress;
> And as the evening twilight fades away,
> The sky is filled with stars invisible by day.'"

This "Every-day College," made up of a perpetual alliance between home, church, school, and shop, by which the people are to be educated on all sides of life—a heart, conscience, intellect, and executive skill; this "Every-day College" is the hope of our nation. It will guarantee the saving elements in the lives of the men and women who are to make and manage affairs. And I, therefore, plead for culture; not culture by a few schools of learning, but by as many schools as there are homes in the land; not culture of the intellect alone, but of the conscience,

the will and the affections; not the culture of natural qualities by merely natural processes, but by the movement of the Divine Spirit upon and within the human spirit, through the Divine Word preached and taught by the Church of God; not culture of the soul in ideas and impulses, and aspirations and social amenities—not this alone—but in rugged, hard-handed, every-day service in field and shop, by which men and women are not only admirable as angels, but useful as neighbours and citizens.

It is said that by such universality of culture we shall unfit people in the humble walks of life for the work we need from them. What shall we do for servants? What shall the dear girls of our homes do for subordinates to follow their bidding? And how, if people acquire taste and begin to aspire after personal refinement and to respect themselves, shall we be able to keep them in their places? What unendurable airs they will put on! And how we shall be at the mercy of our inferiors!

So let it be; that our children shall be compelled to treat other people with respect; to recollect that servants have souls and rights; that people who do lowly service with true motive are worthy of honour; that true refinement is as courteous and thoughtful when servant girls are concerned as when one meets a favourite of fortune or a princess of royal blood.

So let it be; that our spoiled and petted girls shall come to know that there are science and art and taste in the kitchen ministries, and that ignorant, white-fingered, indolent little simpleton who despises honest labour and the people who earn their living by honest labour, is herself beneath a servant girl's contempt.

I hope that we shall educate the people—and all the people—the poorest and the meanest of them, until in lordly way, worthy of royal blood, they refuse to be trodden upon or ordered about by the impertinent and arrogant pretenders of modern society.

I hope that we shall educate the people until the cultivated poor shall have more power than the ignorant rich; until the votes of the humblest cannot be bought by the bribes of the highest; until a man's rights as a citizen, though he be poor as poverty, shall command all the resources of a nation in his defence and protection; until the gates of the nation shall fly open

on the sides of the east and of the west to welcome strangers from afar; until the comers in at the east shall not dare to close the gates against the comers in at the west; until parties and their leaders that discriminate between foreign classes, and cater to low race prejudices shall be punished unto purification, or if necessary, annihilated.

I hope that we shall educate the people until a soul's inheritance as an immortal being, with the universe of God at his feet, shall count for more in the thought of his heart than all the gold and all the glory of the world.

Then may the nation turn to God and say: "These souls Thou gavest me in feebleness, and behold I have given them strength; they were ignorant, and I have taught them; they were in bondage, and I have given them liberty; they were in the depths, and I have lifted them up to the heights."

When that day comes the nation, with her alliance of powers —domestic, ecclesiastical, educational and industrial—shall welcome to the earth the King who cometh out of the heavens to reign in righteousness among men, and to give abundance of peace. "Even so, come Lord Jesus."

FROM TENNYSON'S PRINCESS.

HOME they brought her warrior dead:
She nor swooned, nor uttered cry:
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,
Called him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face-cloth from the face:
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
"Sweet my child, I live for thee."

A VISIT TO NEW ORLEANS.

BY ELLA R. WITHROW.

PLACE ARMESD' AND CATHEDRAL OF ST. LOUIS, NEW ORLEANS.

NEW ORLEANS is the most southern city in the United States. It is situated on the same parallel of latitude as Cairo, in Egypt, and is therefore semi-tropical in its character, thus being of special interest to the Northern tourist. One cannot fail to be struck with the luxuriance of the vegetation,—the broad-leafed banana tree, the glossy magnolia, with its snow-white blossoms, the crimson-flowered myrtle, the graceful palmetto, and the many other beautiful trees and flowers which everywhere abound. The city is situated on the great "Father of Waters," the Mississippi, about one hundred miles from its mouth. It is built on land which gently slopes down from the river to a marshy tract in the rear, and at high-water is from two to four feet below the level of the Mississippi. To prevent the river from overflowing, a great levee or embankment of earth is raised along the shore, extending for many miles. When a break does occur—a

crevasse it is locally called—great damage is done, and the embankment is repaired with much difficulty. At the time when we were there, there had been a break in the levee on the west side of the river, and many thousands of acres of valuable plantation land was under water.

New Orleans is built within a great bend in the river, whence it derives its *sobriquet* of the Crescent City. Its site was surveyed in 1717 by De La Tour, and it was settled in the following year, but in consequence of sickness, overflows, and other disasters, it was soon afterwards abandoned. The French resettled it and held it till 1729, when the Spanish took possession, and kept it until 1801. The French held it for a short time after that, and in 1803 it was ceded to the United States, together with the province of Louisiana.

This old city is the chief cotton mart of the world, and it exports great quantities of sugar, rice, tobacco, corn, etc. In the busy season its long levee, crowded with hundreds of steamers, is a marvellous sight. The streets in the new portion are wide and well paved, and some are covered with small white shells which are found in abundance in the vicinity. Those in the old French quarter are mostly narrow, but well paved. Canal Street, the principal business street of the city, is nearly two hundred feet wide, and has a plot of grass twenty-five feet wide, with a fine row of trees on each side, extending in the centre, through its whole length.

The architecture of the city is not rich, most of the old buildings being of plain brick and plaster, or wood, but some of the new ones are very fine. The largest building in the United States, next to the Capitol at Washington, is the Custom-house here. Opposite Jackson Square—the old *Place d'Armes*, a very beautiful public garden—stands the French church, the Cathedral of St. Louis. See initial cut. It is a historical old building. The foundation was laid in 1792 by Don Andre Almonaster. The fine paintings on the roof are by Canova and Rossi, two celebrated artists. It is mentioned in Mr. Cable's beautiful stories of Creole life. One of the entrances he describes as "a tall, dark, ecclesiastically severe archway, in whose shadowed recess Madame Delphine might have safely intrusted her anxieties to 'God's own banker.'" There is a beautiful grotto with running water, in imitation of that at Lourdes. We saw here a great

number of votive offerings—pictures, wax effigies of hearts, etc. —for mercies received, "Pour actions de grace et guérisons obtinus," as the inscription reads.

On either side of the Cathedral of St. Louis are the old Courts of Justice—quaint old buildings of brick and stucco, with archways in the Italian style. One of these is the scene of John Richling's trial in "Dr Sevier," one of Mr. Cable's latest stories. Having read his fascinating romance of Creole life, it is very interesting to look up the very places mentioned in them. Another interesting edifice is the Jesuit Church of the Immaculate Conception—a beautiful building in the Moorish style.

The cemeteries of New Orleans are particularly noteworthy. The soil is semi-fluid at a depth of two or three feet below the surface, consequently all the tombs are above ground. We visited several old and very interesting ones in the French part of the city. They were surrounded by a wall of brick, seven or eight feet through, which contained cells, or "ovens," as they are called, flat at the bottom and curved at the top, such as may be seen in the Catacombs of Rome. Each cell holds only one coffin, and is hermetically bricked up at the entrance as soon as the funeral rites are over. A marble tablet with the inscription is usually placed over the brickwork. Vases for flowers are often embedded in the plaster, and in one old cemetery we saw withered flowers in almost every vase.

Many of the tombs are very fine, being beautiful structures of marble, etc., though the majority consist of simple cells placed one above another, at the height of seven or eight feet. Little framed pictures of the Virgin and curious wreaths of black beads, such as one sees in the *Père la Chaise* and other cemeteries at Paris, were hung on many of the tombs.

At one of these old cemeteries all the inscriptions we saw were in French, with the exception of an occasional Spanish or Italian one among them. We discovered afterwards that the tombs were all those of negroes. Some of the inscriptions were very pathetic. The names were strikingly French-looking for coloured people. We suppose they were bestowed on their slaves by French owners. The following are examples: Felicité, Eulalie, Philomene, Narcisse, Suzette, Artimese, Sirène, Ursule, Susanne, Marguerite, Anatole, Agathe, Aristide, Seraphine, Coralie, Zeline, etc. One strikingly English name, however—"Betsy Taylor"—occurred in the midst of a French epitaph.

The following are examples of some of the inscriptions:—

"O'er thy tomb, O my child, I will ever weep—*Sur ta tombe, O ma fille, je gémirai toujours*"

"She caused the joy of her household; she was a good mother —*Il faisait le bonheur de sa famille, elle fut bon mere.*"

"She was the delight of her parents, and her death overwhelmed them with grief—*Elle faisait les dèlice de ses parents, et sa mort les accablé de douleur.*"

"Heaven owes a recompense to one who was so long the joy of a household now inconsolable—*Le ciel doit une recompense a cette qui fut si longtemps le bonheur d'une famille, maintenant inconsolable*"

"He was the best of sons—*It fut le meilleur des fils.*"

"Death has left me only thy name and thy ashes—*La mort me.m'a laisse que ton nom et la cendre.*"

"The lonely shadow of these gloomy boughs hides from mortal view a mother's treasure—

> De ces tristes rameaux l'ombrage solitaire
> Cache aux yeux des mortels le tresor d'une mere."

The following is from a touching Italian epitaph:—"The ashes of the well-beloved his afflicted wife places here—*Le ceneri del ben amato sua mogli dolente qui pose.*"

While some inscriptions seem utterly devoid of Christian hope, others express the most pious confidence. Of the former are the following:

"So young, yet to die. What a fate!—*Si jeune et mourir. Quel destin!*"—"*Inexorable mort, O mon Dieu!*"

In pleasing contrast are the words of Christian confidence on another tomb:—"I am the Resurrection and the Life—*Ego sum Resurrectio et Vita!*"

The following are taken from the German cemetery:

> Leibe weinet Freunde nicht
> Last euch nicht vertrüben,
> Mein lieber Jesus rufet mich
> Und will mich ewig lieben."

"Dear friends weep not, be not sorrowful; my dear Saviour calls me and will for ever love me."

"Hier Ruhet in Frieden unser innig geliebter Gatte und Vater—Here rests in peace our dearly beloved husband and father."

"Mein viel geliebter Sohn—My well-beloved son."

"Ruhe sanft in deiner Trufe
Bis dich dein Heiland weider ruft."

"Rest softly in thy narrow bed till thy Saviour call thee higher."

"Kurz nur war die Bahn
Deines Lebens,
Der Freuden wenig der
Leiden viel:"

"But short was the course of thy life—joys few and sorrows many."

The following strange epitaph occurs in English:—

"Never purer soul immortal
Ever passed the shining portal
Leading to the bright Sanctorum
Where the Godhead dwells in love.
And a joyous shout filled heaven
On that cheerless winter evening
When an angel bore her spirit
To the realms of light above."

Nothing gives more striking evidence of the cosmopolitan character of New Orleans than the many-languaged inscriptions in her cemeteries. We noticed epitaphs in French, English, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, German, Dutch, and Danish. Many of the tombs were large square structures erected by certain national, religious or secular societies; as the Spanish Society, the Sisters of St. Joseph, the Typographical Union, the Society of Draymen; the *Gewerbe Verein*, bearing the effigy of a hand and mallet, the emblem of the association; the Red River Pilots' Society, with the symbol of the helmsman wheel; the Masons' Association, etc.*

The most foreign, and perhaps the most picturesque, sight in New Orleans is the French market, which comprises several buildings on the levee. At break of day the gathering commences, and it would seem as if all nations and tongues were represented in the motley crowd which surges in and out. French

* It is curious how customs repeat themselves. On Roman tombs two thousand years old we find, in like manner, inscriptions commemorating funeral clubs of gold-workers, *aurificum;* of carpenters, *tignariorum;* of wood-fellers, *dendrophororum;* of furriers, *pellionariorum;* of sailors, *nautarum;* of charioteers, *aurigariorum;* and of bargemen, *utricularioruni.* The emblems and implements of these trades are also on the tombs.—ED.

is the prevailing language, and it will be heard in every variety, from the silvery elegance of the polished Creole to the childish jargon of the negroes.

There is a very interesting spot a short distance from the city, washed by the waters on the Mississippi on the one hand, and extending back to the cypress swamps on the other. It is the battlefield, the scene of Jackson's victory over the British in 1815. A marble monument overlooks the ground and commemorates the victory.

The park in which the vast Exhibition Buildings are being erected for the coming great World's Fair, is a large piece of land with a fine avenue of live oaks, all hung with the funereal Spanish moss which we see in so many southern pictures.* The finest street of private residences is St. Charles Avenue; most of the houses are characteristically Southern, with their wide verandahs, broad flight of steps in front, etc., and attached to every house we were surprised at seeing a huge water-tank, or perhaps two, one above the other. We learned that as the Mississippi is too muddy to be used for drinking. Rain water must be used. It is collected in these tanks and filtered, when it becomes very pleasant to the taste. The houses in the old French part of this city are plain brick and plaster structures, often built round an open court—Mexican style—which is paved with stone or brick, and often contains a fountain and beautiful tropical fruits and flowers. There are often balconies round the entire court. Rue Royale is a very characteristic street in the French quarter. It is a street of wonderfully picturesque old houses. As described by Lafcadis Hearn, it "opens a perspective of roof-lines astonishingly irregular, that jag and cut into the intervening strip of blue sky at every conceivable angle, with gables, eaves, dormers, triangular peaks of slate, projecting corners of balconies or verandahs, overtopping or jutting out from houses of every imaginable tint. All have sap-green batten shutters, most possess balconies balustraded with elegant arabesque work in wrought iron—graceful tendrils and curling leaves of metal framing some monogram of which the meaning is forgotten." It is on Rue Royale that Madame Delphine's old house still stands, though not quite as Mr. Cable described it: "A small, low, brick house

* See initial cut.

of a storey and a half, set out upon the sidewalk, as weather-beaten and mute as an aged beggar fallen asleep," for of late years it has been undergoing some repairs to make it habitable.

Doubtless many Northern tourists will, during the coming winter, visit this quaint old city in consequence of the World's Fair to be held there from December 1st to May 31st. For this, very extensive preparations are now being made—including a main building covering thirty-five acres under one roof—the largest ever erected. The most direct and interesting route to the Crescent City is through Cincinnati by way of the Louisville and Nashville Railway, the great trunk line of the South, passing through the picturesque scenery of Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama and Louisiana, and through those charming Southern cities, Louisville, Nashville, Montgomery, and Mobile, at each of which an instructive visit might be made.

YOUTH AND AGE.

BY EDMUND WALLER.

THE seas are quiet when the winds are o'er,
So, calm are we, when passions are no more!
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger years
Conceal that emptiness which age descries;
The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home;
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

E'en such is time; which takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us back with earth and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days;
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

THE WATER STREET MISSION, NEW YORK.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

MAX.

"MAX," I said, "I want you to tell me all you will of this dreadful ten years. You look such a boy, still I cannot believe you are twenty-three, neither can I believe all your own words imply. Tell me from the beginning, now. We have plenty of time."

Max threw back his head and looked out to the narrow strip of blue sky visible from the upper windows of the Mission House. It was Sunday afternoon. The first meeting was over. Jerry and his wife had gone together to the Tombs, sent for in hot haste by some poor wretch whom they had warned, and who now, in peril from his own drunken attempt at murder, called out for help from the only ones he felt sure were still and always friends. Tall and slender; a fair, delicate face, the long oval, a reproduction of that head of Raphael we all know; gentle, candid blue eyes, and fair waving hair, Max seemed far more some mother's darling than a convict just over a ten years' sentence. He had been at the meetings every night for nearly a month; taciturn as a rule, but now and then dropping a few intense words of longing for a better life, and hope that it had begun with him. No work had as yet been found, and the little society of "Helpers" connected with the Mission had, thus far, supplied his most imperative wants. To-day a friend had promised a day's employment, and the deep, sad eyes had lighted with such pure joy that I smiled too, and he came impulsively forward; then coloured and retreated. The moment must not be lost, and soon we were in this quiet place, and Max poured out his story as if at last to roll off some portion of the burden he had carried.

"It seems a hundred years ago that I was a little fellow at home," he began, still looking up to the strip of sky, and his slender hands clasped about one knee. "You can judge for yourself that I did not come from the same stock as most of the men here. My father was a lawyer in H——; a stern, hard man, deep in his business from morning till night, and paying little

attention to me one way or another. My mother was very gentle and delicate and sad; loving me passionately as she had loved my father till his coldness and hardness made her concentrate it all on me. I suppose she spoiled me, and yet it is through her that I am here to-day. At any rate, I know that my freedom or indulgence always had to be coupled with the words: 'We won't say anything about it before father, Max; he might not like it.' The most reasonable thing was always hedged round with this warning, and we both shook when he came near us unexpectedly. So I was either scared to death or reckless, and ended with being the last, pretty much all the time. I was bright enough, and father had me study Latin when I was only seven. At ten he sent me to boarding-school, and that pretty nearly killed mother. She had been a good deal of an invalid, but then she went to bed, and staid there mostly except when I came home for vacations. I half broke my heart over it for a while, and then I got used to it, and liked the fun we had so well that I was ready enough to stay. There were fellows that had quite a lot of pocket-money, and they'd buy beer, and amuse themselves making some of us little boys tight, and many a time I've gone to bed fuddled so I couldn't stand, and the matron thought I had sick headaches. I got well seasoned after a while, and could drink a quart without winking, and wanted it, too. There my trouble began. I had a small sum every month, but nowhere near enough to satisfy me. My grandfather—my father's father—was a country doctor and lived about eight miles from the school, and I went once a fortnight and spent Sunday there. He was as hard and stern as my father, but he was fond of me after all. He kept his loose money in a box in his desk, and my aunt that kept house went to it for all the every-day expenses. That put a notion in my head. I never had stolen, but I thought it wouldn't do any harm here, because grandfather would think Aunt Mary had taken a little more than usual, and then they were my own relations too.

"I was bound to live as fast as those fellows with big allowances, and though I wasn't but thirteen, I seemed older, I was so tall, and I wanted my beer like any old toper. The long and short of it was, I got to unlocking the box when I liked, and one night as I put the key back between two books, I felt a hand on my collar.

"'So,' said grandfather, 'it is you, sir!' I think I'd have died that minute if I could. His voice was icy enough to make my blood run cold, and he looked at me with a contempt that enraged as well as scared me. I couldn't face him. I began to cry, and then he shook me till I supposed he would shake the life out. Then he groaned and sat down and covered his face. That finished me. If he'd let me go then, I believe I never would have taken another dollar. I was soft-hearted, and to see him cry over it was just awful. But he had his own notions. He flogged me himself and then had me flogged before the school, and wrote to my father, who came on and did more flogging. Then he took me home. I was to have gone to college after a couple more years at school, for I was a bright scholar, only too lazy to do much at hard work; but now, he said, I'd got to try knocking around a little, and I was made errand-boy in a big store.

"It was a great change, and at first I rather liked it. But you see I ran against all sorts, and I wanted to drink, and I felt a good deal more of a man than I do now, and it wasn't long before I got the name of being about as thorough-going a young scamp as there was in H——. And the more father flogged the more I determined to run. Mother kept me for a while. I loved her, and she died a thousand deaths over me. She'd put her arms round me and beg me to stop, and I'd say, 'Mother, I can't stop; I'm in for it, and I've got to go on.' Then she'd pray, and pull me down by her, 'My God, what have we done, that our only boy is going to destruction?' I shall hear those prayers as long as I draw a breath. If people could be possessed of devils now, I should say I had one then, and yet all the time I loved her and petted her, only I couldn't stop.

"Well, I ran away, and of course father followed me up, and then he sent me to the House of Refuge. Now, that may be good for some; but as for me I got my crowning lessons of wickedness in six months. Then he got me a place in a New York store. I promised fair, and they thought I might make a new beginning. So I did. I had times of wanting to be different, but it was as I told you, I was too deep in to get out. They trusted me there. I had a pleasant way, and soon they promoted me a little and I carried the mail back and forth. It didn't take long to get the run of things, and soon

I was able to cash money orders on my own hook. This went on for three months, and then they found me out. They were kind. They didn't have me arrested, but just sent me home to father. He was perfectly quiet; so quiet I knew something was coming. Mother looked at me as if her heart was broken, and I think it was. I staid there two days. Then father took me to the depot. I didn't know where I was going, and I went off without a word to mother. 'I have given you your last trial,' he said. 'You are no son of mine. Here is fifty dollars. It is the last money you will ever have of me. Steal or be honest as you choose. I wash my hands of you.'

"I got into the cars without a word, and didn't really begin to think till I was almost in New York again. Then I began to be in rage. 'You turn me out like a dog, do you?' I said. 'Well, we'll see what'll come of it.' I knew well where to go. That time in the House of Refuge had taught me all the places, and I went straight to a low hole on Chatham Street. The first night there my money was stolen, and then there was nothing to do but steal too. Well, I was caught in no time, and sent up for a year. Worked that out, and then tried my old tricks again. What was I to do? Nobody wants a jail-bird around. I did try for work awhile, for oh, how sick I was of it all, but who would give me any? So for a year I stole, getting to be an accomplished thief; sometimes a lot of money that I made fly, and then again hungry even before I filled up again. I only wrote to mother once in that year. I couldn't. Just writing her name would make me break down and cry. She wrote to me several times and always sent a little money. That year in prison she wrote me, and begged me to do better when I came out. See how she stuck to me, no matter what I did."

Max drew a little package from his pocket and untied it carefully, taking out several letters, worn with frequent reading and in a delicate yet free hand-writing, evidently that of a cultured woman. Then he read slowly and with trembling voice:

"'*My Dearest Son:*

"'Your letter with the dreadful news of your conviction to state prison has pained me inexpressibly, and yet it brings comfort, for it tells me you are alive and well. I cannot tell you, my darling boy, how I have suffered with anguish and suspense

in this long silence. You say you long for me. My darling son, take courage! A man who loves his mother still, no matter how low he has fallen or deeply he has sinned, is not lost altogether. Oh, my own boy, follow the better instincts of your nature, and lead an honest life henceforth. You shall have money to begin again with, when your sentence is over. Try then to remember what parentage you come from and beg God to keep you honest.'

"Wouldn't you think I was the devil himself, not to follow up that letter when I did get out?" Max said, as he looked up at me. "I do sometimes, and yet there were reasons. No money came. I couldn't get work, and I just went on from bad to worse till the end came. I was in a big job; caught, of course. I always was caught, all my life. I pleaded guilty, and in consideration of my youth they only gave me ten years. This was in Jersey, and I brought up at Trenton. Oh, it's a hard place. The others with me got twenty-one a piece, but the ten looked to me as long as their twenty-one. I wasn't sixteen yet, but tall as I am now. I kept still a good while and wouldn't write to mother. It was almost a year and a half. I'd tried to escape and been insubordinate in all sorts of ways, and in that eighteen months went up for punishment eleven times. Oh, it was rough! Each time made me more dogged and furious. I won't tell you about it. You couldn't stand it. I've cursed God many a time in that shower-bath, or when they put the collar on me, and I've yet to see the man made better by such ways. At last I wrote to mother, and in a week came this answer:

"'*My Beloved Boy:*

"'I'm too feeble to write you a long letter. My strength lessens every day. They say I may perhaps recover, but that rests with God alone. I have but one wish. It is to see my poor deserted child once more, and clasp him to my heart. Oh, my boy, my darling boy! I have always loved you. You shall have my fullest blessing and forgiveness. If I die, and I suppose I must, before your sentence ends, I beg you, I implore you, to lead a better life. I have made your father promise me that if I do die he will take you home and have you taught some trade. My son, my best beloved! on my knees I beseech you to become up-

right again. I implore you not to disgrace your mother when she is in her grave. Will you hear me? I have told them to send you my watch when I am gone. Wear it with love for your mother. I hope soon to be released from the misery I now endure. My darling, I send thousands of kisses and blessings to you!

"'Your loving Mother.'

"I answered that letter in a week. It broke my heart. I swore there in that cell that I'd never steal again, and I wrote her that promise. Before she got it, she wrote again,—the last letter I was ever to have from her."

For a moment Max covered his face, then read:

"'*My Dearly Beloved Child:*

"'The end is so near that I must write my last words to you, slowly and with pain. I must tell you now, that I fear your father will not keep his promise to have you come home. If he does not, write to your grandfather. It grieves me to have to tell you that you are not to rely on your father, but he has no sympathy or pity for you. All the money you have ever received from home, came from me. I could not desert or forget my erring boy. Oh, my darling, are you worthy of that love? Have you any love or feeling for me? I most solemnly command and beseech you, here on my dying bed, to become an honest man. If you will not do it for your mother's sake, do it for your own. When this sentence is served your future is in your own hands. You can become an honest man with courage and perseverance. If you do not try you will fall lower and lower and come to a shameful end. Make it the aim of your life to redeem your good name. There is time yet. Your heart cannot be all hard. Begin life anew. Be honest. Try to recall what you have learned in childhood. Be of good cheer, my darling, and promise me to be honest. I dream whole nights about you. Last night I dreamed that you were being punished, and I woke with a cry. I wept all night and slept no more. Oh, promise me to try and be honest, and God bless my precious boy!

"'Your loving, dying Mother.'

"I wrote her again. My first promise she received, but

could not answer. My last she never saw. She was dead when the letter got there, and a friend she loved put it in her coffin. If I hadn't felt the first promise sacred, this one buried with her would bind me firm as iron. Sitting in that cell when the day's work was done, I used to even think she was there, and I'd fall on my knees and hide my face and try to pray for forgiveness. My ways all changed. There was no more need for punishment, and they even began to say I might be pardoned out for good conduct. That put some life into me. I worked hard as I could, and I began to read and study again from the books in the prison library. There was one young fellow in for seven years—a rough from this Fourth Ward, but we took to one another. You know him. It's John O——, and you know his story. There was no reason why he shouldn't have gone to the bad, for he was born to that kind of life, and he'd never hardly heard the name of God, except in an oath. These men and women round here are bigger heathen than you'll find, I believe, anywhere else in the world. We talked it all over when we could. John had heard of the McAuley Mission. In fact he knew Jerry when he was about the worst customer in the Fourth Ward, and he said if Jerry McAuley could turn honest he could too, and he was going to try it anyhow. He was pardoned out for good conduct after he'd served five years of his seven, and went off, bound to be different. He wrote once or twice that he'd found work and been helped, but I never knew the whole till I got out myself. In a little over a year came a paper, with a long account of a wedding at the Mission, and there was John, settled in life, and one of the mainstays for Jerry, they said. He'd been converted there, and he was warm-hearted and loving as a man could be, and never lost a chance of telling his story and pulling anybody in that he could make come in, and I saw well from the way the story ran that he'd found his chance and was a happy man.

"I served seven years of my ten, and then was pardoned out.

"I pawned my clothes and raised a little money and from that time for a month lived on two dollars a week, seventy cents for lodging and fifteen cents a day for food. Coffee once a day and dry bread was all I had. I washed my clothes and hung them out of the window at night. You wonder I didn't come to the Mission, but somehow I was ashamed. I was bound to find

work if I could, and I couldn't. At last my money was gone. I went sixty hours without food. Then I crawled down here and stood at the door. I thought I was dying. It was an hour before meeting. I walked in but things waved before my eyes. Frank, the janitor, was used to such things. He put me down in a chair and got some milk and bread, and then a little hot soup. I cried for more, but he wouldn't let me have it, and then he took me upstairs. God's angels couldn't have been kinder. They took hold of me as if I was their own brother. They saw I was pretty nearly gone, I suppose, and they worked over me and prayed over me till I came back to life in more ways than one. I found there was love for me too, and when I went up to that bench, I made to God over again the same promise I had made to my mother. Oh, how many times in that month I wished I never had made it! You see so many knew me. I had every sort of offer to go to thieving again. I hadn't grit enough to tell them the real truth and say I had sworn off. Instead, I told them I'd lost my courage and didn't dare. They pitied me, and thought it would come back, and then one of them offered me a place as bar-tender in his den. He was a king among them, and in with the police too, as plenty of them are. I wouldn't do it, and at last I thought: 'There's no spot in the world for you. You've killed your mother and may as well die yourself.' Even now when I know I am forgiven there doesn't seem much room for me anywhere. These others lived in such miserable ways that being decent is a kind of heaven for them. They have no home to remember and cannot miss it. But I had my chances, and here I am at twenty-three with nothing before me, so far as I can see, but a sharp struggle for even bread to eat, and indebted even yet to the Mission for shelter and food. I deserve it all and more, but doesn't it look as if I had no business to be alive? No, I won't say that. I want to help others out of just such a swamp as I was in, and if I can only have steady work I can and will. Perhaps this job to-morrow is the beginning. You are very good to have listened so patiently, but every one here seems good. I wish there had been such a place before I went to the bad altogether. Seems to me somebody might have taken hold of me."

All this was a year ago. Max has found his place, and is sure now that he has some "business to be alive." He will never

be like John O——, a joyful worker, bubbling over with happiness that he has escaped the clutch of old evil habits. His eyes are sad, his manner full of gentle, abstracted quiet. What the years may do for him one cannot tell. As yet the pressure of the past is too strong upon him, and only as he goes to meet some sad or desperate soul hovering about the Mission, and uncertain whether to enter or not, does his face light up and his own sorrow sink out of sight. His employers count him one of their most efficient and trusted clerks; and while these pages give no clue by which any save his nearest and truest friends can ever recognize the portrait, it is a portrait, and one more constant spur to the thought that even in the most apparently hopeless case that either prison or House of Refuge can turn out there is the possibility of reform—a seed struggling up through rocky, almost hopeless soil, to gladden the eyes of the patient worker, and become one more sheaf in that precious store laid at last at the feet of the Master.

UNHASTING FAITH.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

THE aloes grow upon the sand,
The aloes thirst with parching heat,
Year after year they wait and stand
Lonely and calm, and front the beat
Of desert winds, and still a sweet
And subtle voice thrills all her veins;
"Great patience wins; it still remains
After a century of pains,
For you to bloom and be complete."

I grow upon a thorny waste,
Hot noontide lies on all the way
And with its scorching breath makes haste
Each freshening dawn to burn and slay.
Yet patiently I bide and stay,
Knowing the secret of my fate;
The hour of bloom, dear Lord, I wait.
Come when it will, or soon or late,
A hundred years is but a day.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE AND ITS WORKINGS.*

BY THE REV. HENRY LEWIS.

It would be tedious to relate how the scheme for laying the first Atlantic cable had to struggle for its very existence. However, the scheme was launched; an attempt was made, in August 1857, to lay the cable, but it failed after three hundred and thirty-five miles had been laid, over one hundred in two miles' depth of water. The next attempt, in June, 1858, was more successful, and the Old and New Worlds were united. The landing-place on this side of the Atlantic was Bay of Bull's Arm, Trinity Bay, Newfoundland. The starting-place was at Valentia, Ireland. The entire length of cable was one thousand nine hundred and fifty miles. The event caused great excitement and was declared to be the grandest achievement of the present century. It was a grand triumph for those who undertook the work in spite of opposition and ridicule. But alas! the cable suddenly refused to transmit. It had worked a month within a day. In that time exactly four hundred messages had passed under the Atlantic. There were various reasons assigned why this cable failed. The enemies of the undertaking dealt out slander, sarcasm, and spleen to all connected, Cyrus Field, Esq., getting the largest share, as he was the prime mover in the great work. It was even positively said that the cable never had worked, that the whole thing was a fraud.

But *nil desperandum* was the motto of the men who had at least demonstrated the possibility of laying a cable and telegraphing across the Atlantic. Cyrus Field was determined to have the cable laid, and after strenuous efforts formed another company, and in 1865 the *Great Eastern* undertook the task. All went well except that now and again a "fault" was detected

* Comparatively few who read at their breakfast-table the morning news from London, Paris, Vienna, Egypt, India, China, or Japan, have any clear conception of the way in which messages are flashed with lightning speed beneath a thousand leagues of rolling billows. We have therefore requested the Rev. Henry Lewis, Methodist minister at Heart's Content, Newfoundland, to describe that interesting process, and have pleasure in presenting the accompanying interesting article.—Ed.

in the cable as it was paid out. However, when one thousand two hundred miles of cable had been deposited another "fault" was discovered; the cable was "picked up" and taken aboard until the fault was found. In doing this the engines gave out, and while repairs were going on a heavy breeze sprung up, the big ship drifted over the cable and chafed it considerably as it came aboard, and just as the injured part was coming over the bows, almost within grasp, the cable snapped and away it went, leaving the ragged end for the crew to look at with dismay and disgust. Desperate efforts were made to regain the lost end; thrice the grapnels had hold, but owing to defective apparatus the expedition had to be given up. Those most sanguine concerning the cable were doomed to disappointment.

Nevertheless, Cyrus Field and his compeers were not to be driven to despair by such disappointments. A new company, called the Anglo-American Company, was formed, with a capital of £600,000, and once more the *Great Eastern* started to sea, in 1866, with a new cable.

When Columbus was leaving Spain on his voyage of discovery he held a solemn service on board his vessel; the Pilgrim Fathers on the deck of their little ship at Leyden kneeled in prayer to God as they were about leaving the shores of the Old World to seek refuge and a home in the forests of the New; so at Valentia a number gathered and commended the great undertaking to the blessing of God. The work commenced most auspiciously and so continued the entire voyage. Messages were sent to the Old World from the big ship daily. The war between Prussia and Austria was then going on, and the crew of the *Great Eastern*, hundreds of miles from any land, knew the intelligence published in the *Times* every morning. Ere long the opening of Trinity Bay, Newfoundland, was made. Trinity Bay is about thirty miles wide and seventy long, and very deep in all parts. The cable this time was landed at Heart's Content, on the south side.

Heart's Content is a sheltered nook, with a harbour large and deep enough to accommodate any vessel afloat. The place had nothing to boast of more than hundreds of fishing hamlets in the colony. The surrounding hills have been stripped of their fir, pine, and birch by fires that have injured the interior very much. Since the landing of the cable the place has been much im-

proved. The Telegraph Company has built several fine blocks of buildings for the accommodation of the staff and others; the natives have improved their dwellings. The entire place has changed in its aspects. At present the Company is building waterworks, getting a supply of water a very short distance from the town. The clerks have a literary institute and also a hall for concerts and other entertainments, with a well-furnished library. The Episcopal Church, in which divine service was held when the cable was landed, is getting old and dilapidated, and a new church of "cathedral type" is being built, which would do credit to any city of note. Methodism is represented by a neat little edifice and new parsonage on a central lot of land. The telegraphers have also a model school built for their children and a most excellent teacher in charge.

"The office," which is the centre of attraction, is a plain brick building, with stone facings, reminding one of a school-house in some growing town or city. We will take a peep into it for a few moments. It matters not what time we enter, either night or day, we shall hear the tick, tick, tick of the instruments. Owing to the difference in time between London, New York and San Francisco, messages are continually coming, because when the folk in one place are slumbering, the people across the Atlantic are busy with the cares and pleasures of life. This entails working on the Sabbath, though every means devisable are used to make the work on Sunday light. Having entered the hall, a door on the right leads to the large room where the "land wires" are worked. A large table in the middle holds eight instruments, which are manned every hour of the night and day. It is here also that the messages are transmitted to America that come from various parts by the ocean cables. The cable that connects with Sydney, Halifax, Duxbury, and New York, is laid in Trinity Bay and crosses a narrow neck of land in a deep trench, then enters Placentia Bay, and rises at Placentia to plunge again into the briny deep, to appear again at St. Pierre, then dives again into the sea to come up at Sydney, and then goes on to connect with the land wires of the Western Union Telegraph Company.

When a message arrives, say, from New York or Montreal, if it is for Europe, "a teller" takes charge of it, counts the words, numbers the message, enters the numbers in a tally-book and presents it to the operator in the cable office. This is done in

less time than I could write about it, and this is done likewise to messages which come from Europe for America. They are brought to this room and transmitted to various parts of this continent. The rapidity and regularity with which this is done is simply marvellous.

Near by is another large room where we are not long in discovering that chemicals are used, and glass jars innumerable and other apparatus generate the motive power of the entire business. A little further on is a larger room still, with shelves, where the messages received every day are catalogued and stowed away and kept at least for a number of years for reference if needed. We enter the cable office where we find the Morse system of sending and receiving messages abandoned for something better. Until recently the French cables were worked by what is known as the "mirror system:" the messages were spelled out by flashing a ray of light back and forth across a standard line, the right and left flashes corresponding with the dots and dashes of the ordinary telegraphing alphabet. This system has the advantage of being operated with very slight electric current, but also the disadvantage of leaving no permanent record. It is also very trying to the eyes.

The system in use at Heart's Content, which has been used there from the first, leaves a permanent record in ink. The recorder is a horse-shoe magnet, electrified by the usual coils of fine wire and attachments. The coil is hung between the magnetic poles, and by a light lever and a thread, almost as fine as a strand of a cobweb, is connected with a delicate siphon hung in a little reservoir of ink. The ink is electrified, so as to produce a repulsion of the particles, making it flow more readily through the siphon, which outside is about the size of a darning needle, and the interior tube scarcely larger than a hair. The lower end of the siphon rests against a paper tape passing through rollers. The whole machine is almost of gossamer fineness and flexibility, so as to minimize the electric strain necessary for working the cable. Let us say that a message is signalled from across the ocean at Valentia, Ireland. The system, I should add, is worked on the duplex principle. The tape passes along between the rollers. At first a straight line is made that is called the "zero" line; the siphon now quivers and the line now rises and falls, making a zigzag like a mountain ridge. The siphon is recording

the message on the tape, and the clerk is reading it off and writing it down. It would be impossible here to give an adequate idea of the meaning of a series of these hieroglyphic signs made by the siphon on the tape except that I may say that when the line moves above the "zero" it is equivalent to the *dot* of the telegrapher's alphabet, and when below to the *dash* of the same. How delicate an interpreter it is, may be inferred from the fact that a battery of ten jars works over one thousand eight hundred miles of cable between Heart's Content and Valentia, when twenty-five jars of the same is needed to work three hundred and fifty of land wire. It is twelve times as effective for its purpose as the ordinary Morse instrument. The message is thus received rapidly and recorded permanently.

The amount of work done is something wonderful. The piles of tape show what messages are received, but we must remember that three or four cables, and some of them duplex, are kept going night and day without cessation. The value of the messages passing through Heart's Content, both from east and west, is about one thousand pounds sterling per day. The entire business is done with the greatest regularity and punctuality possible. The slightest mistake made either in sending or receiving messages is registered by the superintendent, who sends the record to the chief office in London. A code of rules is placed in the hands of each clerk, and upon no account are the messages to be tampered with.

The work of receiving and sending messages six or eight hours daily becomes both monotonous and mechanical, especially so when the words of a message are incomprehensible and incoherent. I will give the reader a sample from one day's work a year or two back, and all received in less than fifteen minutes from Valentia: "No. 729, Farehead, Kababish, bended, couplet, Prince Arthur, deter;" "No. 730, two shillings ten;" "No. 731, Break off engagement, and I will marry you;" "No. 732, Will send draft mail;" No. 733, Wilhemn died peacefully 10.30 a.m." Thus it is that these clerks are transmitting messages between the Old and New Worlds in a most mechanical mood, yet the messages they are sending or receiving with unerring accuracy are of paramount importance to some commercial circle, or perhaps a nation's destiny depends upon the incongruous

words. The medley of messages would furnish food for meditation to many minds. However, we must move.

Close adjoining the cable room is a small room with a table holding an instrument for testing the cables, in order to find if there is a flaw or leakage in any of them, and, if so, to locate the spot where the mischief is. It would be impossible to describe such a wonderful piece of mechanism. It is one of the wonders of science, and reflects unbounded credit on the genius of its inventor, Sir William Thompson, who also, I should have said, invented the delicate instrument, which I have already mentioned, for receiving and sending messages by cable. It is worthy of remark that Mr. Dickenson, one of the staff at Heart's Content, has constructed one of the instruments now in use in the office there, and improved somewhat on the orignal invention.

There is a prospect of a cable being made that will be far less cumbersome and cheaper than any yet laid. What was once deemed but a wild speculation is now become an ordinary event. It is hard to tell what the future will bring forth; but between the telegraph and telephone the transmission of news and business matters by mail will become a thing of the past.

The following beautiful lines of Whittier's fitly commemorate the wonderful achievement of linking the continents with the electric wire:—

O lonely bay of Trinity,
O dreary shores, give ear!
Lean down upon the white-lipped sea
The voice of God to hear!

From world to world His carriers fly,
Thought-winged and shod with fire;
The angel of His stormy sky
Rides down the sunken wire.

What saith the herald of the Lord?
"The world's long strife is done;
Close wedded to that mystic cord,
Its continents are one.

"And one in heart, and one in blood,
Shall all her peoples be;
The hands of human brotherhood
Are clasped beneath the sea.

"Through Orient seas, o'er Afric's plain
And Asian mountains borne,
The vigour of the Northern brain
Shall nerve the world outworn.

"From clime to clime, from shore to shore,
Shall thrill the magic thread;
The new Prometheus steals once more
The fires that wake the dead."

Throb on, strong pulse of thunder! beat
From answering beach to beach;
Fuse nations in thy kindly heat,
And melt the chains of each!

Wild terror of the sky above,
Glide tamed and dumb below!
Bear gently, Ocean's carrier-dove
Thy errands to and fro.

Weave on swift shuttle of the Lord,
Beneath the deep so far,
The bridal robe of earth's accord,
The funeral shroud of war!

For lo! the fall of Ocean's wall
Space mocked and time outrun;
And round the world the thought of all
Is as the thought of one!

The poles unite, the zones agree,
The tongues of striving cease;
As on the Sea of Galilee
The Christ is whispering, Peace!

Heart's Content, Trinity Bay, Newfoundland.

THE soul, secure in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds.

—*Addison.*

"WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?"

BY WILLIAM H. C. KERR, M.A.

THE recent delightful interchange of Christian courtesies between different branches of the Protestant family in this country, and the outspoken utterances in favour of Christian union which are heard on every hand, are certainly among the most pregnant and cheering "signs of the times." The conviction gains ground that, in the near future, the hard-and-fast lines of theological differences, if they do not entirely disappear, will become wondrously plastic and comprehensive, and the impulse towards solidarity of Christian effort prove irresistible.

The star of this great hope rises in our Western Hemisphere, and who shall say that its benignant beams may not yet usher in the dawn of the millennial epoch of the Prince of Peace? The rapt seer on the mount of vision saw that day from afar and was glad; and his prophetic forecast has been interpreted for us by Sir J. Bowring, in his charming amœbæan ode: "Watchman, What of the Night?" of which, partly to direct attention to this great movement, but chiefly for the friendly criticism of your numerous student-readers, I diffidently submit the following Latin version:—

UNITATIS ECCLESIÆ VATICINIUM.

Carmen Amœbæum.

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveller, yes, it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends!
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller, ages are its own,
See it bursts o'er all the Earth!

Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home!
Traveller, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

Custos, quid de nocte? dic,
Quid vult orbis stellifer.
Hospes, suprà montem hîc
En! coruscat Lucifer.*
Custos, fertne ullam spem
Jubar, anne gaudium?
Hospes, ita, fert diem
Israel pollicitum.

Custos, quid de nocte? Fax
Stellæ surgit! Veritas,
Hospes, huic comes it, pax,
Luxque et beatitas.
Custos, num illuminat
Hunc terrarum angulum?
Hospes, totum illustrat
Orbem omne seculum.

Custos, quid de nocte? Lux
Crescit: jam diluculat!
Hospes, umbras Sol redux
Metusqu' animi fugat.
Custos, domi requiem
Petas, vigil nimium!
Hospes, ecce Principem
Pacis: Dei Filium!

**Lucifer—i.e.*, light-bringer, the day-star. The application of the beautiful epithet of the Morning Star to the Prince of Darkness is as unfortunate as it is unwarranted.

THE HIGHER LIFE.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

BY SAXE HOLM.

LIKE a cradle rocking, rocking,
Silent, peaceful, to and fro,
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
On the little face below,
Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning,
Jarless, noiseless, safe and slow,
Falls the light of God's face bending
Down and watching us below.

And as feeble babes that suffer,
Toss and cry, and will not rest,
Are the ones the tender mother
Holds the closest, loves the best;
So when we are weak and wretched,
By our sins weighed down, distressed,
Then it is that God's great patience
Holds us closest, loves us best.

O, great heart of God! whose loving
Cannot hindered be nor crossed;
Will not weary, will not even
In our death itself be lost—
Love divine! of such great loving,
Only mothers know the cost—
Cost of love, which all love passing,
Gave a Son to save the lost.

METHODISM IN BLOOM.

BY THE REV. DR. CARMAN.

IN his address before the first united Methodist Conference of Canada, which held its session in Montreal, June 5th, Dr. Carman pronounced these graceful sentences: "Methodism has been called Christianity in earnest; it might be called theology in bloom, embracing, resting on, and quickened by all the great

principles and varieties of natural and revealed religion. What is peculiarly known as Methodism begins with and culminates in the lively doctrines of practical, personal, experimental and spiritual religion and grace. Hence, Methodism emphasized conviction, knowledge of sin, and free, actual, individual, evangelical repentance. Have we lost or diminished these, or the need of these by the union? Luther had revived and set forward the glorious doctrine of pardon, justification by faith, striking off fetters, opening prison doors, and leading forth darkened souls into a world of light, love, and joy; but our God gave it especially to John Wesley to know the apostolic invitation and congratulation. 'Beloved, now are we the sons of God,' and to realize and proclaim the primitive seal and assurance that we have received the spirit of adoption whereby we cry, Abba, Father. The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirits that we are the children of God, and if children, then heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ. Brethren, have we lost or lessened this by the union? Shall we less earnestly demonstrate and proclaim that men must repent and believe? That so repenting and believing, and only so, they receive the adoption of sons; and because they are sons God sendeth forth the spirit of His Son into their hearts, crying, Abba, Father? These lively doctrines and experiences of the new birth and adoption; in witness of the spirit and assurance of faith; that a man may know his sins are forgiven and that he is a child of God, abode with us before the first day of June. The Act of Parliament sealing this union did not, could not dim, displace, or diminish them. Thank God, they are with us by the Divine Spirit in power, now! And more, Methodists used to believe and teach that we can be made perfect in love in this life; that after justification, sanctification; that we can, we must in the economy of grace become and live holy; that holiness of heart is as possible and positive a possession as the regeneration which is the beginning of it. Was this taken away by union? Certainly not. Their connexionalism would not be lost, and ministerial and pastoral rights would be respected. Their brethren of the laity were still with them with regard to eternal economy. They had all the machinery, but it was new and untried. He thought, however, that with a little oil it would surely work well. With regard to the class-meetings, he hoped they were going to be revived. They wanted every man to do his

duty on the class-meeting system. The work must be thoroughly done, recognized, and if necessary resurrected and vivified that it should vibrate through their entire system. Speaking of the power and spirit of religious revival he referred to the work of the Salvation Army. They could not approve of all the Army did, but somehow or other it seemed as if the semblance of vitality would draw the people after them. The Lord help them to use the forces put in their hands. They were under obligation to use them in order that they might instruct, teach and multiply their people, and not give them over to those who were not instructing them. Some talk of the union as being a providential one. (Rev. Dr. Potts: "So it is.") Well, he (Dr. Carman) acceded to that; and, if it were so, there were other things coming up alongside which were also providential. It was not their membership of 175,000, nor their church property, valued at six millions, which made them what they were. He would not have feared to go forth from any of these bodies, stripped of property, as it might be a weakness instead of strength if they did not do their duty like men, pay their debts and build humbler and plainer places of worship. So far as the Salvationists had any success, it was Primitive Methodism. It was John Wesley's scheme and plan, and he did not see why their class-leaders should be less effective in their work than captains and lieutenants. Their future success would depend on their having the Spirit of God with them, and he prayed fervently that it might be given them."

We have no home on earth below;
And time is short, and heaven is near:
Oh that our hearts were weaned so
That we could live like strangers here;
Like pilgrims that have paused an hour,
To rest upon some foreign strand;
Like banished men that love to pour
The praises of their Fatherland!
Bright are the flowers that God has lent—
To bloom beneath the traveller's tread,
And beautiful the starry tent
He spreadeth o'er the pilgrim's head.
But, in the land that's far away,
There needs no light of sun or moon;
And flowers that never know decay
Along its starless shores are strewn.

THE BRITISH CONFERENCE, 1884.

BY THE REV. ALEX. HARDY, M.A.

[In addition to the *resume'* of the proceedings of this Conference given in our last number, we have pleasure in presenting the following notes from an eye and ear witness of its proceedings.—ED.]

ON Tuesday morning, July 22nd, the one hundred and forty-first session of the British Conference opened in the Wesleyan Chapel, Burslem. This is a small town situated between Birmingham and Manchester. But it is an old Methodist centre. On Saturday, March 8, 1760, Mr. Wesley paid his first visit to this place, and his ministry was greatly owned in this part of the country.

Our English friends here are most generous in their treatment of the Conference. They presented the President with the beautiful chair in which he presided so ably, also a costly, artistic, silver inkstand was presented for the use of each succeeding President. It has been stated that in addition to the munificent hospitality of Burslem and vicinity the Conference cost its entertainers not less than £1,000.

One is not long in the British Conference before he is reminded of the presence of the Legal Hundred. They enjoy special seats in the centre of the chapel and are evidently the fathers. Even before electing the President all vacancies in their ranks caused by death are filled up, and only ministers of fourteen years' standing are eligible for election to their number. One half of the vacancies are filled by the Conference after public nomination and the other half by the Legal Hundred themselves and on the ground of seniority. This peculiar institution is now just one hundred years old.

There was a service for the recognition of returned missionaries. On the platform were represented various parts of the wide mission field: Antigua, Jamaica, Ceylon, Calcutta, Africa, and France.

During the Conference there were open-air services and meetings for working men. I heard the Rev. H. P. Hughes, M.A., preach a sermon to working men. He was very simple, earnest, and direct in his manner of explaining the way of salvation. It appears that the evangelistic type of preaching is coming into prominence.

On Thursday, July 31, the ordination services took place. At Hanley, the preacher was the ex-President, and at Macclesfield, Dr. Pope. These are great services, and though they commence at ten a.m. on a week-day, generally vast audiences are present. The charge of Mr. McCullogh had a very fine effect upon the assembly His choice English, well-wrought sentences, beautiful illustrations, minute references to pastoral duties and powerful exhortations to fidelity showed that the preacher drew from a large experience and from ample resources. Doubtless Dr. Pope's sermon was most admirable. He certainly is one of the first men in the Methodist world.

Not only in the pastoral but in the representative Conference some hours were devoted to a conversation on the work of God. Some of the addresses were admirable, and occasionally many were moved to tears. Conversations of this kind should have a prominent place in all clerical assemblies. Even our General Conference might, with much advantage to its work, engage in such a discussion. Thus an elevated tone and a fine spirit would be given to the proceedings.

On Friday evening, August 1, closed the pastoral session. The journal was read, the doors were

opened and the people admitted, the Legal Hundred by a formal vote confirming what had been done. On the following Monday morning opened the representative session, consisting of two hundred and forty ministers and two hundred and forty laymen. When Mr. Garrett was President, he gave as a watchword for the year, "A revival in every circuit." President Greeves has given this watchword, "Salvation in every house." It is probable that in nearly every Methodist home throughout the British Isles the President's words will be repeated and their influence will be felt. The home-life is everything. Family religion is the glory of the Church.

On Tuesday evening there was a memorable missionary meeting. The audience was immense and so was the platform. The Rev. J. Nicholson brought revival tidings from Ceylon, the isle of "spicy breezes." The Rev. Owen Watkins thrilled everybody as he told of certain Africans that "came fifty, sixty, and even one hundred miles to hear of that God that loved black men as well as white men." The Rev. H. J. Pigott, B.A., made our hearts glad with good news from Italy, when the Rev. W. Gibson, B.A., in most classical speech, gave an account of a gracious revival in a certain locality in France. But poor France is sorely tormented by the evil spirits of Romanism and Atheism. The Rev. Geo. Sargeant, of the West Indies, rejoiced in the jubilee of emancipation and we all rejoiced with him.

The Metropolitan Chapel Building Fund has had a wonderful career. It was commenced in 1861 and has already aided in the erection of sixty-five large chapels in London, seating, when completed, not fewer than sixty-five thousand persons, at a cost of above £600,000. Toward these chapels the fund has contributed not less than £170,000. During late years Methodism has been making great progress in London.

This is the fiftieth report of the Wesleyan Theological Institution. Every circuit, every home and foreign mission field, every department, financial, educational, or evangelistic, of Methodism has reason to bless God for the literary, theological, and spiritual work of the institution. It is cause of immense joy and heartfelt gratitude to the great Head of the Church that with increased culture and learning there are found a deeper piety and a more vigorous enthusiasm for primitive soul-saving work. Undoubtedly the training is of a high order.

"During the year one hundred and forty students have been in training in the institution, viz., thirty-seven at Richmond, thirty-nine at Didsbury, thirty-one at Hedingly, and thirty-three at Birmingham." The British Conference spends annually £15,000 in training its ministry. It may seem to be a large amount. But a well-furnished ministry is not only a joy to the Church, but a necessity in this day.

The number of Sunday-schools is six thousand six hundred and one; annual cost, £72,579; number of officers and teachers one hundred and twenty-five thousand and thirteen; number of scholars, eight hundred and fifty-two thousand four hundred and fifty-nine, being an increase on the year of ten thousand five hundred and eight. In almost every respect the statistics show an increase. The Connexional Sunday-school Union is rendering immense service in providing a wholesome literature for the young people.

The Children's Home.—To this great work of mercy our honoured friend, the Rev. Dr. T. B. Stephenson, has consecrated himself in a spirit of rare devotion. Under his able management and the fostering care of the Conference this truly Christian labour of love has developed most wonderfully. In addition to the large establishment in London, there are various branches throughout the country as well as the Canadian Home in Hamilton.

The Leys school at Cambridge, over which Dr. Moulton presides so ably, is doing a good work for Methodism in providing superior education for young men. But the institution is sorely burdened with a debt of £37,000. Wesley College at Sheffield, over which the Rev. Dr.

Dallinger, F.R.S., the celebrated scientist, presides, is also an important factor in Methodist higher education.

It is admitted by all that vast progress has been made of late in temperance work. The Rev. Charles Garrett, ex-President, and the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, M.A., have taken a leading part in this much-needed reform. The blue ribbon now figures on a good many clerical coats. Even the parsons are putting it on. But this country needs a mighty crusade against whiskey and tobacco. To the honour of the Salvation Army, be it said, they preach holiness and denounce smoking and drinking.

Wesleyan Missionary Society.— The hand of the Lord has been upon this society for good. Not long ago a new Conference was established in South Africa. At the present time two new Conferences are being organized in the West Indies. Further, it is supposed that the proposed visit of Mr. Jenkins to the East may result in the establishment of Conferences in India and China. Wide doors are opening on every side. Oh! for men and means. This society sends its aid and agents to France, Germany, Italy, Spain and Portugal, Ceylon, West Indies, India, China and does not forget the Army and Navy. Last year its total income was £150,106, £30 1s. 2d. over expenditure.

Thanksgiving Fund. — Almost every nook and corner of British Methodism has been twice blessed in this fund—blessed in giving and blessed in receiving. With heartfelt praises the Conference recorded "its gratitude to Almighty God for the remarkable success which had attended the Thanksgiving Fund." In this case the divinely-inspired liberality of the Lord's people manifested itself in an offering of £296,740. As some further payments may be expected, the fund will probably reach the munificent sum of $1,500,000. Taking all things into account it may be said that this is the greatest effort that has been known in the history of Methodism.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

The Relief Fund.

The need of this fund becomes more and more urgently felt as the pressure upon embarrassed trust boards and embarrassed ministers, struggling with difficulties which are the direct result of union, becomes greater and greater. It would be deplorable, as Dr. Carman justly remarks, if the union, which was anticipated as a benediction of grace, should be in any case an avalanche to crush any of our brethren. Yet this threatens to be the result if relief in these cases be not shortly forthcoming. We hope that Dr. Carman's admirable address at the Centennial meeting, reported in the *Guardian* of the 17th, will be carefully pondered and that it shall lead to energetic action. We quote here a few of its most salient sentences: "Unquestionably," says the Doctor, "some of our brethren in the ministry are sore sufferers by the recent arrangements of Methodism. Some of us are by no means pinched, and have reason to do everything else likely but complain so far as personal circumstances are concerned; but it is by no means so with all. Small circuits or no circuits have put at least a few men at immense disadvantage and considerable loss. Again, there is the church property. We all know that no property is so unsaleable, so much sacrificed as superfluous church property. No property is so much depreciated in value as a closed-up church.

"I have yet more faith," he con-

tinues, "in the good intent and the godly spirit and desire in the Methodist union movement than to think that some of the fears and dark prophecies of wise and good men that did not favour union should or shall become the dread realities of the hour, arousing the suspicions and alienating the affections and labours of brethren that have stood grandly in our land for God and Methodism. It cannot be. Union shall be proved, and relief come. . . . . Brother must feel his brother's heart beat in sympathy and affection not only for a grand institution, or a prodigious and distant enterprise; but brother for brother, man for man, shoulder to shoulder, and heart to heart. The Methodist Church needs this very exercise to-day, and the providential demand is, as it always is, our glorious opportunity. Our urgent necessity is our high and divinely-bestowed privilege. Brethren need, deeply need aid. Other brethren, all brethren afford aid, cheerfully, kindly, promptly. Heart flows to heart, hand clasps hand. We have a united Methodism, and the proofs, fruits, guarantees and securities of the union."

This work is being taken up vigorously by the several Conferences. We believe that it would have been better to take it up as a Connexion, the stronger Conferences helping those that are weak. We believe that the impulse of the union sentiment would have made this an easy task. The $100,000 it is desired to raise is less than twenty cents per head for the members and adherents of the united Church. But however it is done, it should be done quickly. The Montreal Conference assumes $25,000, Toronto Conference calls for $30,000 more. If the others do in like manner, more than sufficient to meet all liabilities will be forthcoming.

The Concord of Christendom.

In the New York *Independent* for September 11th, the venerable Dr. Philip Schaff, of Union Theological Seminary, contributes an admirable article on "The Discord and Concord of Christendom." He reviews the history of its great divisions, and anticipates the time when those divisions shall cease to exist. "We look hopefully," he says, "for a reunion of Christendom, and a feast of reconciliation of Churches. . . . The problem of mutual recognition and Christian union is attracting more and more attention, and is slowly, but surely, approaching a solution. There has been, indeed, within the present generation a revival of ecclesiasticism; but the tendencies toward union are also widening and deepening."

In the same number of the *Independent* the present writer contributes an article on "Christian Union in Canada," describing the recently effected unions of the Presbyterian and Methodist bodies in this country, and the kindly interchange of fraternal greetings at the Toronto Conference last June, and quoting from Dr. Grant's recent article on Christian Union, in this Magazine.

The *Independent* gives a leading article on the subject of Christian Unity, from which we quote as follows:—"If the 'Concord of Christendom,' of which Dr. Schaff speaks, is too much to look forward to now, we can rejoice in such facts as Dr. Withrow gives, and take heart for the near future. The progress which Christian union has made in Canada in the past ten years is surely something to be proud of. Nothing seemed more improbable, ten years ago, than that the eight distinct divisions of the Presbyterian and the seven of the Methodist family would so soon be swallowed up in union organizations. Nothing seemed more improbable when negotiations began for the union of the Methodist bodies two years ago than that the outcome would be success. But every difficulty, ecclesiastical and civil, that could be interposed has been overcome, and there is rejoicing all over the Dominion over the triumph of Christian union.

"The union movement has begun in the right way in Canada. It is on denominational lines. It was discovered at a moment when strife had ceased that there were no suf-

ficient reasons to keep these kindred Presbyterian and Methodist bodies apart. Were not the Presbyterians at one respecting polity, doctrine, and discipline? Why should the feuds which distracted Scotland centuries ago be perpetuated in Canada, when only their memory remained? Why should followers of John Wesley, differing only in matters of government, continue in separate organizations? They had, to be sure, disagreements to adjust; those who were opposed to lay representation had to yield; those who wanted Episcopacy and those who were opposed to Episcopacy had to compromise; but the cause of Christ and the cause of Methodism were advanced thereby, and we doubt if anybody has a word of regret for what has been accomplished.

"John Wesley proposed a 'league offensive and defensive with every soldier of Christ.' The Canadian Methodists appear to have come into the spirit of their great leader, and the Presbyterians are not a whit behind them. Principal Grant's utterances, quoted in Dr. Withrow's article, are those of a man not only fully in sympathy with what has been accomplished, but looking forward to still greater things. He is willing to say, with Professor Briggs, that Arminians as well as Calvinists must be included in any true Reformed Church. When this shall come to be generally recognized, as it is now in the Congregational, and practically, if not formally, in the Baptist Churches in the United States, a great barrier between the divisions of Protestanism will be removed, and the flow and interflow of ministers and members will be as common and natural as it is now between presbyteries and conferences and associations. The spirit and growth of the age are unquestionably bringing the various denominations closer together. New light is continually breaking forth from the Scriptures, and from the apostolic age, and questions which were formerly deemed vital are now seen to belong to the rubbish of a past age.

"The Canadian Christians—the Presbyterians, the Methodists and the Episcopalians (Dr. Withrow makes no mention of the Baptists)—will hereafter put more emphasis on the text 'We be brethren,' and less on those passages which are quoted as excuses for acts of disfellowship. We bid them Godspeed, and, in the words of the Anglican Synod to the Methodist Conference, we hail with 'devout gratitude to God this evidence of Christian unity as one of the most hopeful signs of the times, and as an auspicious harbinger of that closer union amongst the members of Christ's flock everywhere, for which the Church universal has so long and so earnestly prayed.'"

The Peace Congress at Berne.

In the old Rath-Haus or town-hall at Geneva is a room of historic interest whose significance shall deepen as the ages pass. It is the room in which was held the international arbitration which resulted in the Washington Treaty—the most notable example in the history of the world of the substitution of the arbitrament of peace for the arbitrament of war. The adoption of this Christian and rational principle would relieve Europe of an intolerable incubus. The "peace establishment" of Europe, as it is strangely called, consists of nearly 4,000,000 of armed men withdrawn from productive industries and drilled in the skilled use of the destructive enginery of war. The "war footing" swells this number to thirteen millions, the very bone and sinew of the population, yet counted mere "food for powder," trained for mutual butchery, marching and counter-marching, pipe-claying, and lounging in camp or barracks, while the women and children are toiling like beasts of burden in the field. Small wonder that mothers often weep when a man-child is born, seeing in him only a candidate for conscription and for death in the sands of Algeria, on the battlefield or in the gangrened hospital. Small wonder that the young men fly by shoals from such oppressive tyranny. Small wonder that nihilism,

anarchism, and red republicanism revolt against the military despotism of the Continental powers. Thanks to her insular position, thanks to those "ancient unsubsidized allies, the winds and waves that guard her coasts," England, though the greatest of the powers, has the smallest army of them all. And, thanks to the position of this continent, the United States and Canada have only a military police.

The annual war expenses of Europe, we are informed, "have doubled during the last twenty years, and now aggregate an annual expenditure of $3,600,000,000, and within this period of twenty years the national debts of Europe have increased from $14,000,000,000 to $30,000,000,000. If to this enormous annual expenditure we add the amount which this armed force could earn if employed in productive employment, supposing each man to earn an average of not more than seventy-five cents a day, the annual waste will be increased in round numbers by $900,000,000, which, added to the present cost of armament, will give $4,500,000,000 as the annual drain upon the resources of Europe for war." And all the while the poor toil like slaves, and are often housed like cattle, are poorly fed, and in France and Russia, the two most military nations, are left in grossest ignorance. Let us hope and pray that, through such agencies as the Peace Congress, and through the growing influence of the Gospel of Peace, the time may soon come when the dream of the poet and the word of prophecy shall be fullfilled; and the nations shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks, and learn war no more :—

"Put up the sword!" The voice of Christ once more
Speaks in the pauses of the cannon's roar,
O'er fields of corn by fiery sickles reaped
And left dry ashes; over trenches reaped
With nameless dead; over cities starving slow
Under a rain of fire; through wards of woe
Down which a groaning diapason runs
From tortured brothers, husbands, lovers, sons
Of desolate women in their far-off homes,
Waiting to hear the step that never comes!
O men and brothers! let that voice be heard.
War fails, try peace; put up the useless sword!

Lend, once again, that holy song a tongue,
Which the glad angels of the Advent sung,
Their cradle-anthem for the Saviour's birth,
Glory to God, and peace unto the earth!
Through the mad discord send that calming word
Which wind and wave on wild Genesareth heard,
Lift in Christ's name His Cross against the Sword!
Still lives for Earth, which fiends so long have trod,
The great hope resting on the truth of God,—
Evil shall cease and Violence pass away,
And the tired world breathe free through a long Sabbath-day.

The British Science Association.

The visit of nearly seven hundred scientific and scholarly men to Canada, the cordial welcome they have received and their warm appreciation of the hospitalities they have enjoyed, is one of the most pleasant events in the recent history of our country. These distinguished visitors have done much to stimulate the intellectual life of the Dominion, and they have learned not a little of our exhaustless resources, our magnificent distances, our superb climate, and the manifold attractions of our country. As the result of the diffusion of the information thus acquired, through the press, in social intercourse and otherwise, Canada will become better known throughout the mother country than ever before. There is scarce a country house or drawing-room from Caithness to Cornwall in which the extent and re-

sources of this Greater Britain shall not be discussed, and the same topics will become familiar in all the leading journals of Christendom.

One remarkable feature of this great gathering, representative of the highest culture of the age, is, as Prof. Shaw has justly remarked, "that the whole meeting seemed to be—what some hoped and prayed it would be—a grand demonstration in favour of the harmony of faith and science.

"There never was such a meeting of the Association before in which there was such openly-avowed acceptance of revealed religion, and so little that would conflict with Christian truth.

"Lord Rayleigh, the President," continues Prof. Shaw, "at the close of his opening and most masterly address, struck the keynote when he declared his faith in revelation, and maintained that the life-long beliefs of Newton, Faraday and Maxwell were in perfect harmony with the most advanced science. It was significant, too, that these sentences were received by the vast and distinguished audience in the Queen's Hall, made up only of members of the Association, with prolonged and enthusiastic applause."

It is to be hoped that this series of meetings will greatly stimulate the cultivation of science among us. Science holds the key that unlocks the mysteries and deciphers the hieroglyphics of the universe. To the scientist its mere beauty of form or colour becomes instinct with the higher beauty of intelligent design and marvellous adaptation to most important ends.

Imperial Federation.

Another effect of this meeting will be to strengthen in the minds of many the conviction of the desirableness and feasibility of a federation of the Empire. As a leading English paper truly remarks: "It brings into prominence the really vital connection existing between Great Britain and her colonies, and shows that it is quite possible, even for social and scientific purposes, to regard Canada and England as one country. The event should give courage to the advocates of a general confederation of the whole Empire. If it is so easy for hundreds of eminent men of science to cross the Atlantic to share the labours of the British Association, the five thousand miles of salt water ought not to prove any obstacle in the way of Canadian delegates coming over to this country to take part in a kind of indefinitely-extended Privy Council or Imperial Senate, now the great idea of the confederation of the Empire has begun to realize itself practically."

This subject is more and more pressing itself upon the notice of the English-speaking peoples, and is, we think, coming more and more within the range of practical action. In concluding an eloquent argument in its behalf, Dr. Grant confidently exclaims: "The English-speaking race, bound together by a common citizenship, organized under simple elastic forms in the interest of mutual defence, peace, freedom and the development of humanity to all its rightful issues, such is the vision that rises before our eyes! Can such a thing be? That the hope has arisen in the hearts of men is an indication that 'God wills it.'"

On the same subject Joseph Cook remarks: "In the possible, but perhaps not in the probable future, there lies at a distance of not more than two centuries, an alliance, not a union, of Great Britain, the United States, Australasia, India, belting the globe and possessed of power to strike a universal peace through half the continents and all the seas."

We believe that the alliance will be nearer in time and closer in character than the seer of Boston expects. We hope that men now living shall see it.

Dr. Sexton in Canada.

The visit to Canada of the Rev. George Sexton, M.A., LL.D., Ph.D., has enabled large numbers of persons to enjoy his admirable lectures on the relations of science and religion. Beyond any lecturer whom we ever heard Dr. Sexton

possesses the rare faculty of making the most profound and abstruse problems of science lucid and luminous to the unscientific hearer. Hence the Metropolitan Church and some of the largest audience rooms in Toronto have been filled night after night to listen to the discussion of the fallacies of materialistic skepticism, the scientific objections to prayer, the doctrine of immortality and such august themes. The reason of this popularity is that the Doctor is thoroughly familiar with both the scientific and theological aspects of his theme and possesses a power of lucid explanation like that of Tyndall himself. The learned lecturer, who is also a copious author, is on his way to California, and on his return in November will favour some of the chief cities of the Dominion with a visit. We advise all who can possibly hear him to do so. In response to our request, Dr. Sexton has kindly promised to write out for this MAGAZINE his famous lecture on the fallacies of materialistic skepticism.

AGGRESSIVE CHRISTIAN WORK.

We are glad to learn that united Methodism is giving evidence of the fire and fervour of its primitive days. Although the summer season is not regarded as so favourable for special efforts, yet such are in many places being held with great success. At the time of the union it was thought that the Agnes Street Bible Christian Church, a large and elegant building, would be no longer required and must be closed. But other counsels prevailed, and the pastor writes as follows of the special services in that crowded neighbourhood: "Jesus is our light and He has become our salvation. During the past eight weeks ninety-two have professed conversion, forty-one sanctification, twenty backsliders have been reclaimed, and many are at present under deep conviction. We have three services during the week—on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings, commencing at eight o'clock. On Wednesday evening at 7.20 we march out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in. It is our purpose, as soon as possible, to occupy every evening in the week in winning souls. Our Flying Artillery Band have done good service, not only in connection with the above, but in different quarters of the city and surrounding country."

Similar efforts, we are glad to learn, are being attended with similar results in many parts of the country.

EXTENSION AND PROGRESS.

The Rev. William Briggs, the energetic Book Steward of the Methodist Church, has returned home after a two months' business visit to Great Britain. It is amazing what an amount of business can be done in that short time. Mr. Briggs has been able to make such arrangements with publishers, manufacturers of printing and binding material and apparatus as will prove greatly advantageous to the Book and Publishing House of the united Church, which is already the most extensive publishing house in the Dominion. The premises in which the business has been carried on for half a century are being so reorganized as to utilize every available inch of space in order to be able to accomplish the rapidly-increasing volume of book manufacturing and bookselling business.

For the special benefit of ministers who cannot pursue the study of the Hebrew and Greek languages, and for lay-preachers, Y.M.C.A. workers, evangelists, Sunday-school officers and teachers, the Chautauqua School of Theology has arranged a non-professional course in theological, religious and ethical literature. The course will cover a wide range of study, indispensable to any minister who aspires to the character of being well informed, and of great value to every intelligent lay teacher in the church or Sunday-school. For all information respecting this or any other department of the Chautauqua School of Theology address the dean, Rev. Alfred A. Wright, Boston, Mass.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

Camp Meetings.

"The Feasts of Tabernacles" have been numerous during the present season. In the various *Christian Advocates* whole columns have been filled with accounts of those services. Opinions differ respecting their spiritual results. Not a few of the places where the meetings are held have become "Summer Resorts," and for weeks in succession various kinds of meetings are held at which some of the most popular ministers and lecturers of the day are the chief attractions. To secure the greatest amount of good with the least amount of evil appears to be the *desideratum*.

From all that we can gather, there appears to have been a great amount of Divine influence at the services this season. The present writer at Grimsby had the pleasure of hearing the Rev. Dr. Talmage. The services were of the most thrilling character, and excited great religious fervour. The prayer-meetings, the children's meetings, the Bible readings, the meetings for the relation of Christian experience, were all more or less seasons of hallowed enjoyment. The conductor of the services, the Rev. Manly Benson, performed his duties most efficiently.

St. Lawrence Camp is favoured with a magnificent situation in a noble, natural park crowning a bold bluff on the river. The Sunday-school Parliament offered a fine opportunity for Sunday-school teachers to become better qualified for their important vocation. This year we are informed that the Parliament was well attended, and that still better arrangements are to be made for increased efficiency in Normal Class work next year. Friends in the West should visit the St. Lawrence Camp-ground, they would be benefited, and their doing so would promote the fraternal spirit.

As these notes are being prepared an exchange has come to hand which states that the entire round of Methodist camp-meetings this summer has been very successful and impressive. At Rock Island, Illinois, hundreds were converted. Desplaines, in the same State, was the best held in twenty-five years. It is believed that seven hundred were converted.

Methodist Church.

The Rev. L. N. Beaudry, of Montreal, has received a copy of the Spanish edition just published at the Methodist Room, Mexico, of his "Spiritual Struggles of a Roman Catholic." The translator, Samuel P. Craver, acknowledged his indebtedness to the book for much spiritual enlightenment, and believes it will be a great blessing to thousands of Mexicans.

Evangelistic Movements.

A few weeks a service of an unusual kind was held in a field at Silsden, near Keighley, Yorkshire, England. The Church of England, the Wesleyans, the Primitives and the Methodist Free Church ministers all took part. For two days, Saturday and Sunday, thousands were drawn to the place. Two processions, led by the Wesleyan and Primitive ministers respectively, marched from central points, singing hymns, and stopping occasionally for exhortation and prayer. The attendance amounted to thousands. All were delighted with the manifestation of the spirit of Christian

unity, and there is good reason to believe that much good will follow.

Bishop Ryle, of Liverpool, England, preaches in the open air, in the great shipbuilding-yards, at the noon intermission, and among the fourteen thousand carters, with their wives and children, and to the men employed at large freight stations, oftentimes from two thousand to three thousand in one assembly.

The "London Slums" has lately attracted great attention. The College of St. John's, Cambridge, has opened a Mission Church in Walworth, a miserable quarter of the metropolis. Sixteen of the collegians gave a week of their summer vacation to mission work connected with this church. The High Steward of the University, a professor of the College, a member of parliament, an earl, the Bishop of Gloucester and other other notable men have given their voice and their endeavours for the success of this College Mission.

The *Episcopal Methodist* of Baltimore says: "We counted the number of conversions and accessions reported in our Church papers last week, and they numbered two thousand one hundred and twenty-one of the former and one thousand nine hundred and twenty-seven of the latter. The revivals in some places are of the most wonderful character. Old and young are being blessed alike.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The great event in this Church since the General Conference appears to be the preparation of Bishop Taylor for his missionary field in Africa. Few men have had a more eventful career than this extraordinary man, who first came into note as a street preacher in San Francisco, California, and afterwards as an evangelist in various parts of America, England, Australia, South Africa, India, and South America. In the two latter countries he established self-sustaining missions, which have a marvellous growth. He is henceforth to be known as "the Missionary Bishop," and yet does not intend to receive any salary from the Missionary Society. He says: "For twenty-seven years I have supported myself and family by my authorship and preached gratuitously. Of late, God has made some provision for my family, and gives me a private partner in the missionary business, who supplies my 'shortage.'" The Bishop has issued circulars calling for help to the "Transit and Building Fund." He wants money to convey himself and companions to Africa and means to erect such buildings as they may need for immediate use, but he intends that the Missions shall be self-supporting. Several individuals have agreed to place $500 each in the hands of the Bishop. A young coloured man every way suitable, who was born in South Australia, of African parentage, has agreed to accompany him. English is his native tongue, but he can speak three African languages. A Mr. Somers has also volunteered to accompany Bishop Taylor and go on the self-supporting plan. He is a converted atheist, who since his conversion has been much engaged in various religious services in London. The Bishop has visited various cities and camp-meetings, where he has preached and lectured about Africa, in which country he hopes soon to have two hundred men labouring to elevate the heathen who have so long sat in darkness. In one of his letters, he says: "I do not go to Africa to die. I go to Africa to live and do what I can to plant a great Church there. I do not go to Siberia but plunge at once into the midst of the waiting millions of Africa's teeming population." He hopes to take at least twenty men with him to make a commencement.

At Havre, France, a vile dancing saloon has been turned into a Methodist church, and instead of a blaspheming, ribald mob and police protection within the room, as the ministers had eighteen months ago, there are now quiet, blessed Methodist services, a good class-meeting and a school of more than 100 children of atheist and Catholic parents.

BOOK NOTICES.

Canadian Pictures drawn with Pen and Pencil. By the MARQUIS OF LORNE, K.T. Imp. 8vo., pp. 224. London: Religious Tract Society, and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price $2.50.

For a number of years the London Tract Society has issued an annual volume of travel, illustrated with pen and pencil. We have thus had French, Swiss, Italian, Spanish and other Pictures, which have been exceedingly beautiful and popular parlour books. The book this year is devoted to Canada, and is, we think, the most sumptuous and beautiful yet issued. It contains nearly a hundred engravings—many of them, especially the mountain views, being of great artistic merit. A large folding map accompanies the volume.

Our late genial Governor-General has shown his profound interest in the Dominion in the preparation of the letterpress, which gives graphic sketches with personal reminiscences of the various provinces from the Atlantic to the Pacific. He has travelled so extensively through the country that he can describe with the fidelity and vividness of an eye-witness its fairest and grandest scenes. To most of us the engravings of the Rocky Mountains and scenery of the Thompson and Fraser will be a revelation of sublimity akin to that of Switzerland and Norway. There is a chapter also on the political relations of Canada and Great Britain, a discussion of the tariff question and a strong plea for maintaining the unity of the empire. He was evidently in love with our glorious climate—our bright suns and clear air and blue skies. The picture of a Canadian vineyard will open the eyes of many who have thought with Voltaire that Canada was only a dreary waste of snow. An ardent sportsman himself, the Marquis gives such a glowing account of Canadian fowling and fishing as must awaken the envy of his English readers. We notice a few trivial errors into which the author has fallen, but nothing of any moment. The book is a most attractive one, and will be the favourite Christmas gift-book in Canada, and cannot fail to give more correct views of Britain's noblest colony to a large circle of British readers. We hope to present, in future numbers of this MAGAZINE, a selection from the most attractive engravings of the volume.

The People's Cyclopædia of Universal Knowledge. By W. H. DEPUY, A.M., D.D. Super royal 8vo., 3 vols., pp. 2,116. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: Wm. Briggs, sole agent for Canada. Price, cloth, $17.00; sheep, $20.00; half morocco, $22.00.

A good cyclopædia is a library in itself. Indeed, no library without a cyclopædia can treat so many subjects as this book. As a ready source of information on the thousand topics of inquiry in this busy age it is invaluable. Few things, if any, have a better educational influence on young or old than the habit of consulting a cyclopædia on the countless things that stimulate the curiosity. For those who cannot afford the Britannica or Appleton's, this is an excellent substitute, for about one-eighth the price, and on most subjects gives about all the information that will be desired. Its 2,000 large and closely-printed pages contain an immense amount of instruction on almost every conceivable subject. Over 57,000 distinct topics are treated. These are illustrated by over 5,000 engravings and 52 coloured double page maps. These are

most valuable helps to the comprehension of the subjects.

It answers the purpose of a geographical gazetteer, and a biographical, botanical, medical and Biblical dictionary. Art, science, manufactures, architecture, law, medicine, natural history, history and their kindred topics are succinctly treated.

A number of appendices give summaries of the political, economical, educational and religious condition of the different nations of the world, dictionaries of literary pseudonyms of distinguished men in every department of thought and action; recent discoveries and exploration, etc. The Dominion of Canada receives 17 pages in the appendix, besides its proportion of the body of the work. Among the Canadian contributors are Dr. Nelles, Dr. Jaques, and Dr. Allison. While no cyclopædia can be perfect, this is the best value for the money that we know.

College Greek Course in English. By WILLIAM CLEAVER WILKINSON. 8vo., pp. 302. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price $1.

We had occasion to speak in terms of warm commendation of the earlier books of this "After School Series," —the preparatory Greek and Latin Courses in English. The present volume is of a more advanced grade and gives excellent translations of such portions of the great classic writers as are read in an ordinary college course. Indeed, few colleges present such a generous course of Greek reading as is here given. Besides the translations, which are taken from the best authorities, there are connecting historical links, and biographical critical notes and other helps to the thorough understanding of the text. It is not to be supposed that such a book can be an adequate substitute for the study of the noble Greek language, either as a mental discipline or as giving an insight into Greek thought. But for those who do not read Greek it will prove a substitute of very great value. Indeed, many college students might derive great advantage from the study of this book. Among the authors whose chief works are given, wholly or in part, are Herodotus, Thucydides, Plato, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, Pindar, Theocretus and Demosthenes.

Hand-book for the Dominion of Canada. By S. E. DAWSON. Pp. 335, with maps. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

While this book was specially prepared for the visiting members of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, it will be found an excellent manual of information and guide-book for travel for all tourists as well as for stay-at-home travellers. It gives a succinct general statement as to the extent, population, commerce, public works, etc., of the Dominion. Then follow detailed descriptions of each province, their principal towns, cities and places of interest, routes of travel and the like—just the information that tourists need. We think, however, that scant justice has been done Ontario and Toronto, which do not get the space they are entitled to, although, of course, Montreal, as the place of meeting of the Association, receives very full treatment. The book is a handy volume in flexible covers, with good railway maps in a pocket—quite in the style of the continental Bædekers.

Salt Lake Fruit, a Latter-Day Romance. By AN AMERICAN. 8vo., pp. 328. Boston: Rand Avery & Co.

This is a very sumptuously illustrated book, giving, in the form of a tale, an account of the social and domestic tyranny and wickedness engendered by Mormon institutions. We presume that it is not a whit too strongly coloured, but the story, while vigorously written and very pathetic, lacks constructive skill, and is, in parts, somewhat hysterical in style. This book is sold only by subscription.

Spiritual Life: Its Nature, Urgency, and Growing Excellence. By REV. J. H. POTTS, A.M. Pp. 230. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.00.

The author of this book is already known to the readers of this MAGAZINE as a graphic and vigorous writer. He here brings his cultured powers to the task of impressing upon the Church the duty of cultivating a higher type of spiritual life. He adduces, not in a polemical or speculative spirit, but with edifying practicalness, the privilege and obligation of Christians to go on to perfection—to realize in daily experience and enjoyment that holiness which it has ever been the special mission of Methodism to spread through the land. We commend this book to the careful study, of not only seekers after the "higher life," but of all who would adorn with their walk and conversation the doctrine of our Lord Jesus.

Fridolin's Mystical Marriage. By ADOLF WILBRANDT. From the German by CLARA BELL. New York: Wm. S. Gottsberger. Price 90 cents.

This is not, in our judgment, as successful a book as most of the other volumes of the fine foreign library republished by Mr. Gottsberger. It lacks the coherency, the weight, the scholarship of the splendid historical studies of George Ebers, Taylor, Dahn, Von Hillern and Eckstein. It gives, however, a graphic sketch of the queer German professor and his still queerer students. Is it the custom for professors to give their cast-off waistcoats to their favourite students?

Centenary Thoughts for the Pulpit and Pew of Methodism in 1884. By R. S. FOSTER, one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church. 8vo., pp. 186. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.50.

This is a book for the times. Standing, as the Methodists of this Dominion and of the United States do, on the threshold of a new century, it is well to look back upon the way in which the Lord our God hath led us, to weigh our duties and responsibilities, and to go forward in the name of the Lord. Bishop Foster is one of the greatest minds of modern Methodism. He is also one of the most cultured. It is a delight to read his short, crisp, stirring sentences. It will be a profit to ponder his weighty thoughts. Both pulpit and pew will find much that is worthy of most earnest consideration in these thoughtful and thought-provoking pages.

Christina; or, the Persecuted Family. By the REV. J. DILLON. Pp. 232. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.

This is a book that ought to be in all our Sunday-schools. It is the ower true tale of "Sorrow and Suffering" founded on facts, gathered from the heroic history of the Vaudois. Many of its characters are historic, and it gives a vivid picture of the persecution undergone by this little flock, enbraved to martyrdom for the religion of Jesus, to whom Milton dedicated his most spirit-stirring sonnet.

LITERARY NOTES.

A popular *Life of Wycliffe*, by John Laird Wilson, of the editorial staff of the New York *Herald*, will be issued shortly by Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls, of New York. It will form one of the *Standard Library*, and is to be published in commemoration of the 500th anniversary of Wycliffe's death, December 31, 1384.

The Report of the Provincial Board of Health, of which Dr. Oldright is the energetic chairman, contains a large amount of useful information on the important subject of Sanitary Science. Dr. Oldright's pamphlet on the subject of Sanitation is a *vade mecum* for all students of the subject.

Dawson Brothers publish a neat edition of Charles Reade's last book —"A Perilous Secret," at 25 cents.

AUTUMN.